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With kindest regards
The author of Britain

BRITANNIA INGRATA:

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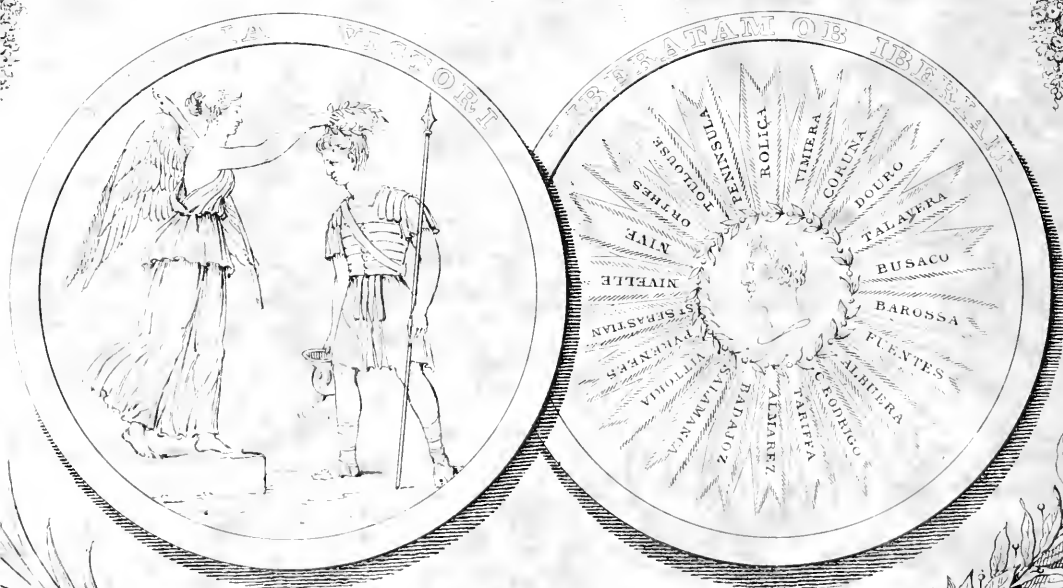
TRIBUTE

TO

THE PENINSULAR ARMY.







Ananda Wilber 1846

BRITANNIA INGRATA:

A

TRIBUTE

TO

THE PENINSULAR ARMY.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES,

BY

MAJOR WILLIAM MACKIE.

LONDON:

T. & W. BOONE, 29, NEW BOND-STREET.

MDCCCXXXVII.

TO THE SURVIVORS
OF THE
PENINSULAR ARMY:
TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON,
AS THE NATURAL ADVOCATE AND ASSERTOR OF
THEIR CLAIMS:

To the Memory of
THE GALLANT, STILL UNHONOURED, DEAD,

THE
FOLLOWING PAGES ARE INSCRIBED.

INTRODUCTION.

To depreciate a victory like that of Waterloo, and consequently the merits of those by whom it was achieved, would be as preposterous in itself as it is uncalled for to make good the position which the writer would establish. It may be fairly questioned, however, whether the magnitude of the consequences following that event did not lead the public to take an exaggerated view of its importance, as the main and efficient cause of those mighty results of which it was more immediately the precursor. In settling this question, as it often happens, a very slight change of circumstances may assist materially in forming a correct judgment of the merits of the case.

By a happy fortune, the illustrious individual, who had previously done so much for the destruction of that power which, as a mighty incubus, had so long oppressed the liberties of Europe, was the same who commanded where it was finally overthrown. Let us suppose, however, that, by any accident, the arduous task of directing the energies of Europe on the latter occasion had devolved on another head and on another hand, having, in its results, the same beneficial influence on its interests.

Let us suppose, further, that the same honours which now grace the illustrious Duke, or rather which are graced by him, with all the other munificent but well-merited marks of public approbation, had been bestowed upon this imaginary rival, while he was himself passed over without notice or reward, in the fervour of gratitude for more recent services, in the interest excited by a newer name. What, we ask, would, in this case, have been the judgment passed by posterity upon the British nation? Causing it to make a strict comparison between their respective merits, the conclusion come to would have been this: that the one had met the exigencies of a great occasion with all the promptness, energy, and judgment it could possibly require. It would be said, however, that this could not possibly place that individual, as a General, in a rank superior to the other, who, through a series of years, had prosecuted a war to a successful termination, under a combination of circumstances calling for every quality that enters into the idea of a great commander, which in him were found existing in the rarest combination, both as to number and degree.

If the brilliancy of the victory he had gained, and the magnitude of its results, should have been objected in favour of the first, would it not have been said, and said too with justice, that that victory itself, with every benefit resulting from it, was the necessary fruit of the previous victories—of the consummate military talents and abilities of the other? Would not posterity have called out shame upon the Nation, if it had stripped the Wellington of the Peninsula of all credit, all praise, all honour, all reward, even though it had been for the purpose of heaping its favours upon the Wellington of Waterloo?

Because these happen to be the same—and may it be long before the world has the same urgent need to find his parallel!—we would ask why this should make so marked a difference, as to the country's sense of obligation to the armies

serving under him, in these respective spheres of the unequalled glory of their great commander. Does that, which is due most justly to the one, cancel, or even exceed, the obligation which it owes the other? They can best answer the question who remember the circumstances under which our troops entered the Peninsula, and compare them with those under which the battle of Waterloo was fought. The former, be it remembered, happened at a time when the repeated overthrow of the most formidable armies which the most powerful of the Continental States could bring against France, while it discouraged all of them from renewing the attempt, left to this country, in her unassisted efforts to oppose her, anything but a flattering prospect of success. The ultimate and total, if not disgraceful, failure of every exertion to cope with her adversary, except in naval warfare, was confidently predicted by some of the most sagacious statesmen whom a period peculiarly fertile in great names could show, and who were well contented to rest their reputation on the truth of their predictions. How then ought we to estimate the merits of that army, which, meeting the wishes of their great commander with every quality requisite to fit them as instruments for the prosecution of the views of a yet more sagacious mind, enabled him to falsify the predictions of those prophets, not more to their surprise than to his own honour, as well as to the glory and advantage of his country?

It were needless to point out, were it not so utterly forgotten, so far as they have ever individually benefited by their exertions, what is due to an army, which, by the uniform and multiplied defeat of his best and choicest troops, led on by the Generals in whom his greatest confidence was placed, effectually destroyed that charm whereby the powers of Europe had so long been held, it would be little to say spell-bound and fascinated, in the power of the destroyer, but what was infinitely worse, with that utter hopelessness and prostration of mind which gave him the full direction of their physical resources, and made them the most efficient

instruments for the mutual subjugation, as well as for perpetuating the subjection, of each other.

In making that comparison which might be deemed invidious, were it not absolutely requisite for the sake of justice, we would beg the reader for a moment to reflect how different were the circumstances under which the battle of Waterloo was fought.

The French whom the Allies had there to cope with were no longer those hardy veterans, flushed with victory, who believed themselves invincible because they had never met with a defeat; whose unbounded confidence in their leaders and in themselves went so far to make them the very invincibles they assumed to be. Of the heroes of Wagram, Austerlitz, and Jena, the few survivors present at Waterloo had long left that vaunted name behind them on the fields of the Peninsula, where every engagement had been for them synonymous with defeat. Of the soldiers, however, who had been present where the former glory of the French army had been acquired, how few had actually been spared by the Peninsular campaigns, the snows of Russia, the fields of Leipsic, and so many others, to be present at the last and desperate stake played for its recovery on the plains of Belgium. Taken as a whole, what were the characteristic features of the army of France assembled on that occasion?—those of a mass, hastily levied and hastily disciplined; formidable, it is true, from their numbers, and for the courage and desperation with which they fought, but in whose minds, so far as they had any personal experience of war, the cause which they supported was associated with the idea of a hopeless struggle,—identified with defeat, and almost with disgrace.

How different; in all these respects, from the army which Napoleon sent into

Spain, perfect in discipline, secure of victory ; in the very pride and hey-day of his, and their own, success !

Everything, therefore, in the circumstances under which they fought, making in favour of our Peninsular army, the reader has only to cast his eye over the list of casualties in their principal actions to perceive, on comparing them with those of Waterloo, that in many, the personal exertions there demanded of our soldiers were, to say the least, fully as arduous as the contest at Waterloo could possibly require. When we sum up these casualties, and when we add to these the privations and fatigues to which they were exposed during more than six long years of a war, begun, continued, and brought to a successful termination, under circumstances every way calculated to dishearten any but the bravest, most patient, most persevering, and best disciplined troops, we have a whole, which, as to the actual deserts and merits of the two, must, in the mind of the unprejudiced, leave the army of Waterloo at a distance it would not be easy to express.

Great as the merits of the latter were, and much as it accomplished, still to the army of the Peninsula was it mainly indebted for the laurels which it gained. But for the victories of the former the battle of Waterloo could never have been fought. After the victories they did achieve, and the events to which these necessarily gave birth, ending in the peace of 1814, the date of such a battle could not have been long protracted, nor could its issue have been, in any respect, materially different from what it was. The wand of the mighty magician had been broken by the arm of our Peninsular army, never to be re-united either by his or any other hand. The spell of enchantment had by them been dissipated, never to be again thrown over the mind of Europe. The giant was shorn of his strength, never to be restored.

They who had never seen him until they met him on the field of Waterloo, met him only when the mortal wound had been already inflicted by another hand. His final overthrow might have been for a while protracted, the scene of it might by possibility have been changed, but, whensoever or wheresoever made, the attempt to resume the station he had occupied in the face of Europe could have been no way essentially different from what it was—a strong, but a convulsive, dying struggle—a last, expiring effort of his power.

To those who are unacquainted with the subject, and it is astonishing to find, even in well-informed circles, how little is actually known of the details of a war, involving not merely the interests, but the existence, of this country, the present endeavour to draw attention to this view of the subject may be deemed superfluous. By these it may be thought that the honours bestowed on those who fought at Waterloo was only paying the British soldier, at the end of the harvest, for the glory he had been reaping, not only there, but also on former fields. With respect to certain corps, this might be held, in some degree, the case. In the Notes, however, will be found a list of more than fifty regiments of the Peninsular army, some of which had been present in almost every affair of consequence that there took place, all of them left without the reward to which they were entitled, because they were not present where the latest blow was struck, though most of them at the time engaged in other and most arduous service; some in a distant quarter of the globe.

Again it has to be observed, that of the regiments engaged at Waterloo, while many had previously seen no active service, even in those which had been in the Peninsula, a considerable number of individual officers received their first appointments in the army between the date of the proclamation of peace in 1814, and the battle of Waterloo in 1815, consequently that occasion must

have been their first essay in arms. Yet on each and all of these a medal was bestowed.

Galling to the officers to be thus passed over, what, also, must have been the feelings of the soldiers of those corps so long and arduously engaged, to see individuals who had the good fortune to be present on that occasion, but who had never heard a shot fired in any other battle; some even, who though present, were not actively engaged in this, returning, their breasts decorated with medals, and with their two years' standing counted to them for their one day's service? while they themselves, with their six years of hard campaigning, and all their wounds, dangers, and fatigues, were left without any such honour to boast of, as a trophy of their exploits, and with no such advantage to compensate their exertions.

History, it is true, will do justice to them and to their officers, as an army; but what satisfaction and of what advantage will this be, individually, to either? Can any adequate reason be assigned why something should not, even at this late day, be done, in justice to the memory of those who, themselves beyond the reach of praise, have still left some to inherit the satisfaction to be derived from the public acknowledgment of the services they rendered to their country? It would certainly be more difficult to show why some means should not be adopted, at once, to gratify the feelings and promote the interests of those who still survive to claim those marks of public approbation and of public gratitude, of which, to speak the plain truth, a burst of unreflecting, mis-directed enthusiasm deprived them at the time, which a misjudging parsimony has continued to withhold, but their right to which not envy itself is able to gainsay. It is true that their very gallant and much more fortunate comrades, who, at that time, not only attracted but absorbed the public favour, have long ceased to have room to feel that what they did on that occasion continues to live too vividly and too gratefully in the remembrance of their country.

This, however, can in no way detract from the far superior, far more urgent, claims of those who, passed over at the time as unworthy of the distinctions bestowed upon the others, had thereby an insult of the most pointed nature offered to their services and their feelings, aggravated, as it has been in the case of the survivors, by twenty years of subsequent neglect.

As the case now stands, those who were present at the field of Waterloo have still their medals to show as trophies of the day. Many of them continue to profit by the superior importance at the time attached to their services, while Waterloo Streets, Waterloo Bridges, Waterloo Columns, and Waterloo Monuments of every shape and size, meet the eye, not only in the Metropolis, but in every town and corner of the empire. Is it then, we would again ask, too much to hope that the British Nation, awakening at length to a sense of justice, will make some exertion, ere it be too late, to testify her gratitude to those who yet survive to meet it; while by one monument at least, worthy of the occasion, and emblematic of the truth, she anticipates, what must be, the decision of impartial history, viz.—

THAT TO THE DISCIPLINE, PERSEVERANCE, AND INDOMITABLE COURAGE OF THAT ARMY WHICH FOUGHT IN THE PENINSULA AND THE SOUTH OF FRANCE, AND TO THE GLORIOUS TRIUMPHS WHICH THEY BROUGHT HER ARMS, SHE MUST EVER LOOK, NOT ONLY AS WHAT LED TO THE HAPPY TERMINATION OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR, BUT AS THE PILLAR AND SUPPORT ON WHICH SHE IS MAINLY TO REST HER EXALTED REPUTATION AS A MILITARY POWER.

It may be necessary to premise, that, of the following pages, those at the commencement were written for the anniversary of the battle of Busaco, and transmitted anonymously to the Officers of the corps whose gallantry on the occasion they attempt to celebrate.

The Author trusts that, in these, he may not be considered as unjust to those of their brave comrades who had a share in achieving the glory of the day.

What is claimed for the Connaught Rangers, and what, it is believed, will be conceded to them by every impartial voice, is the credit of having been there placed in position where they had to sustain the brunt of the most formidable attack made by the enemy on that part of the line ; met and repulsed by them with a gallantry unsurpassed by anything that occurred in the whole course of the war.



BRITANNIA INGRATA.

PART I.

O BLUSH, that thou, unmoved, shouldst see
The splendours of his morning beam ;
Blush, that his brightening noon, by thee,
Unhonoured or unknown should seem :
Blush, Britannia, blush to think,
How oft the sun that gilds thee now,
Unheeded, has been seen to sink
Beyond the mountain's dark'ning brow.
Say, ere he left the burning west,
Was there no rising in thy breast ?
Did not thy heart, spontaneous, swell,
And bid awakening memory tell

How once that sun in glory shone,
Though now unnoticed and unknown,
Pouring on earth the dazzling ray
That gave the wondering world a day,
The proudest might be proud to say

Its honours were their own?

How that beneath yon broad'ning sun,
Busaco's deathless deeds were done?

O shame! and can Britannia let
That sun in dull oblivion set?
Can she that glorious day forget?
Forget how near her haughty foe
Had reached his darling, daring, aim;
Forget the arm whose parrying blow
Preserved, untouched, her spotless fame;
What time upon the arduous height
That told the fortune of the fight,
With glistening steel, and pennon proud,
Were Gallia's legions seen to crowd;

Dark threatening, like the winter cloud,
Impervious as the serried wood,
Firm as the rock whereon they stood ?

Must yield that proud, exulting, host,
Or, in one luckless hour, are lost
Iberia's hope—Britannia's boast !

Yet say, Britannia ! where
The arm that task may undertake ;
What breast such venturous peril make :
For well thy doubting heart may ask
If this be not a hardier task

Than even thy sons may dare.
Such giant aim seemed none could brook,
And slavery wept, and freedom shook,
And hope, with pale averted look,
Half veiled her in despair !

But, fearless, Connaught's Rangers rushed :
And when the din of war was hushed ;

When her dark cloud had rolled away,
And left a calmer, clearer, day ;
Then, Connaught, land of mountains green,
The prowess of thy sons was seen !
How strongly nerved their arm had been,
How brave the hearts those bosoms bore
That left thy bleak, but honoured, shore.

Beneath their steel what numbers fell,
When, down Busaco's rugged side,
The reeling foemen sunk and died,
The eagle and the wolf might tell,
As, from the hills, they, gathering, sought
The spot where Connaught's sons had fought !

Nor yet hath been by them forgot
The story of that blood-drenched spot !
For yet ; when round the deep-mouthed thunder,
Loud bellowing, rolls from hill to hill,
The trembling peasant tells with wonder,

When heaven and earth again are still:
The wild wolf in his tangled lair
Bethinks him of his former fare ;
Once more expects such cheer to make,
Once more his thirst in blood to slake ;
Then, at the thought, his set teeth gnashes,
And bids arise his bristling hair,
And from his bursting eye-ball flashes
 A fire of fiercer glare ;
While straining through his hollow throat,
The monster howls a hoarser note,
Busaco, as he turns him where
Thy bone-strewed ridge is raised in air !

 The eagle, too, that hears, afar,
Loud rage the elemental war,
Thy towering summit seeks again,
And, onward, casts his piercing ken
To mark the deadly strife of men ;
And while the storm-clouds round thee sweep,

And, whirling, mock his sight,

Again, exulting, thinks to reap

The harvest of the fight.

But, long, from many a mountain-dell,

Aroused by mingling scream and yell,

Long may the deep'ning echoes tell

That when, upon the passing breeze,

Away the eddying vapour's borne,

No more such gladdening sight he sees,

As on that well-remembered morn,

When the dark cloud that passed away

Gave to his eye such gallant prey,

The fruit of that immortal day

When Connaught's sons, resistless, pressed,

And Gallia's prostrate legions lay,

In blood, upon Busaco's breast !

Such is the tale, when wandering near,

That meets the wondering stranger's ear.

Yet say Britannia, can it be,

That in those savage breasts should last

That day, whose glorious memory

Away from thine hath passed ?

At Nature's rudest call, shall they

In fresh remembrance bid it live,

And, thus, the unconscious homage pay

Which thou neglect'st to give ?

Britannia, shame ! must thou be taught,

By monitors thus rude,

To think how well that field was fought,

To blush for thy ingratitude ?

And is thy heart unknown to melt ;

Thy gratitude by all unfelt ?

Ah no, Britannia ! they, I trow,

Who, in a nearer field, have stood

In happier hour, are seen to bow

Beneath thy load of gratitude.

And well their guerdon gained, I ween,

And nobly earned thy boon hath been !

But think, Britannia, think, have none
Their meed as hardly, nobly, won ;
Have none, when hour of trial came,
As bravely borne the battle's brunt ;
Looked with as high, undaunted, front ;
Their onward course as firmly kept,
While through destruction's path they swept,
Till, on the field of blood, they reapt

The harvest of thy fame?—

Still, on Iberia's strand is seen,
That there as gallant hearts have been !

Yes, there, as memory well may note,—
On hill and plain, on wall and moat,
In sweat, in blood, this truth is wrote,—
As dauntless, and as daring, they
Who fought and gained Busaco's day !—

But not for them alone decreed
To aid Britannia in her need,

Upon Iberia's soil to bleed
Defenders of her cause ;
And be not theirs alone the meed
Of her's, of Fame's, applause !

When Memory backward casts her eyes,
What crowds on crowds of heroes rise
That meed of praise to share ;
On Memory's fond admiring view,
Compeers and comrades meet with you,
To combat and to conquer too :

What souls of fire are there !

And, first, be mournful honours paid,
My muse, to that illustrious shade
Whose warrior course is o'er.
Tell, and with due obeisance made,
What worth within the grave was laid,
When Treason's coward hand betrayed
The good, the gallant Moore !

Then tell the struggle, bright, tho' brief,
That closed in glory and in grief,
When manly bosoms wept their chief
 Upon Coruña's shore.

Yet, since those tears of pride and pain
Upon these bosoms leave no stain,
Nor, but of honour tell,
Away be signs and sounds of woe ;
Hastening of happier scenes to show,
 On happier themes to dwell.—
Vain triumph of a vanquished foe !
When he, a chief of happier star,
Gathered our armies from afar,
And turned the purple tide of war
 In Freedom's cause to flow.

Need we to bid Britannia hear,
Once heard with no unwilling ear,

How nobly earned their meed of praise,
 Who, from Vimeiro's mountain-plain
Spoke to the world of happier days,
 Nor waked the hope in vain.

How, upon Douro's vine-clad hills,
That light of hope that there awoke
Now Lusitania's joy fulfils ;
How on Iberia's eye it broke ;
 Still, to their praise, recount.

Though banished peace no longer roves,
The guardian of the tree she loves,
But leaves in tears her olive-groves
 By Talavera's mount ;
Yet there first falls the orient ray,
Which, kindling into glorious day
Did on Busaco burn,
And, to Iberia point the way
 To hail her glad return.

But ere their footsteps Victory guide,
The path of peace to open wide,
Now, from Busaco's corse-strewn side,
Seek we, with them, the towering crest
Where Freedom formed her mountain-nest—
Her breathing-place of hope and rest ;
Whose baffled foes, in vain essay
To drive her from that home away.
Thence see them proud defiance fling,
While Victory plumes her ruffled wing,
Still scanning, from the imposing height,
Where next to poise her glorious flight ;
Her dragon-car now see her mount,
Behold her dazzling form alight
Upon that spot, foredoomed to fame,
Where many a now immortal name
First drank at honour's fount.

Now track them where their footsteps fall
By proud Rodrigo's lofty wall ;

See Victory still their path attend,
And, through the yielding rampart, rend
A path to fame for Albion's host—
A path to humble Gallia's boast.

Nor rest we here, for still the muse
Their course, with wondering eye, pursues
Where yet the foe triumphant stood
By Guadiana's sullen flood ;
Until their shout of triumph rose
From thrice-beleaguered Badajos ;
Once more with joy to crown the right,
Once more to humble ruthless might.

But louder, yet, that shout was raised,
Still lower in the dust abased
Was Gallia's guilty pride,
When, in their conquering course, they came,
And all her hosts defied
On Salamanca's storied plain,

Now known to a severer fame
Than ever poets' peaceful strain,
Or Learning's powers, supplied.

No more the muse's chosen seat
Where Faith, with Learning at her feet,
So long had found a calm retreat,
See, there, in one commingling flood,
Life's current stream from those
Who joy to shed each other's blood,
Yet scarce can feel as foes ;
They, who at morn in converse stood,
By valour joined in brotherhood,
By evening met in fiercer mood,
And filled, ere night, a common grave
By Tormes' corse-encumbered wave.

Than Gallia's sons since none more brave,
And, since, beneath that morning's sun,
Fond hope to each her promise gave
To speak of victory won ;

Say, why, ere fell the evening's shade,
Again were Gallia's hopes betrayed ;
Why hers, again, in grief and gloom,
To mourn her shattered eagle's doom,
His fallen crest, his blood-drenched plume ;
Why blench her veterans, but, that they
 A ruthless tyrant's will obey,
And, slaves themselves, a world would lay
 In slavery, at his feet !

What, though those veterans bravely fought,
No generous hope, no freeborn thought,
 Within their bosoms beat,
With conscious worth their hearts to warm ;
But thirst of conquest, lust of prey,
With blood and rapine track their way :
They think upon the widow's tear,
The orphan's cry is in their ear,
 And conscious guilt unnerves their arm.

Why, to Britannia's sons is given
Again to bless a gracious Heaven?—
These, champions of an injured land,
For fame, for freedom, fight ;
Fame, freedom, justice, nerve their hand,
And God defends the right !
They, with a world's best hopes allied,
Still see his arm upon their side
Again to humble Gallia's pride.

Again she mourns her honours lost,
Again she sees her veteran host,
Saving that to such foe they yield,
Forsake an all-dishonoured field.

Though strong in arm, though brave in heart,
Yet theirs to act the coward's part ;
To seek for safety, not for fame,
To hide, but not avert, their shame ;

Craft, and the favouring shades of night
Conceal their fears, secure their flight.

Thus blushing for the vantage-ground
Their yet scarce rallying hosts have found,
They, like the trembling stricken deer,
That deems the following huntsman near,
And swift as is the passing wind,
Leave Britain's conquering sons behind.

These only feel that nobler fear,
That dreads no foe will more appear ;
Or seen, no more be found to stand,
Or face to face, or hand to hand :
They grieve, but only grieve to waste,
In vain pursuit, a breathless haste ;
Or grieve they that too late to save,
Heart-harrowing to the truly brave,
They see a land so fair and good,
Or filled with rapine, red with blood,

Or bathed in tears, or scathed with fire,
As by some demon in his ire.

Though vanquished, still a foe remains ;
And hope and conquest wing the hours,
Till o'er Castile's fair spreading plains
They reach Segovia's lofty towers.
Time-worn, ah ! not time-honoured, walls !
What saddening thoughts that name recalls,—
Of years long distant, when, afar,
The Moslem raised the crescent star,
And dared the Christian to the war ;
When, in the lofty Alcazar,
Castilian youths were doomed to wait
The pageant train of Paynim state ;
When, slaves and minions of his will,
A Moslem monarch's courts to fill,
Castilian maids were seen to bow,
And fan, in fear, his swarthy brow.

What though, when age on age had crept,
 And in the dust the Moslem slept,
 Here Christian kings their revels kept ;
 What, though no more the crescent stood
 Above the all-triumphant rood ;
 The pain scarce less, not less the shame,
 When, now, upon remembrance came,
 How old Segovia's mouldering stones
 Were doomed another change to see :
 No longer echoing to the tones,
 Nor bright with pomp, of chivalry,
 But listening to the captive's moans,
 That in its secret dungeons lay,
 And pined and wept their years away,
 No more to look upon the day ;
 Life one long night, without a ray
 Of hope to shine athwart the gloom ;
 Alive, yet buried in the tomb !

O shame upon the Christian land,
Where Christian men, like slaves, can stand,
Bind chains upon a Christian's hand,
And bid this be the Christian's doom,
A tyrant's fiat to fulfil,
That knows no law beyond his will !

Thus many a free-born Briton thought,
As to his fond remembrance brought
By those dark towers, he deems the while,
What room to bless a partial Heaven
That threw his lines on that fair Isle
Where Freedom's choicest gifts are given ;
Whose proud soil spurns the bondsman's foot ;
Whose touch no bondsman's hands pollute ;
Whose air dissolves the bondsman's chain ;
Where kings, but never tyrants, reign ;
Whose rulers bear not rule in vain,
While they a higher sanction own,
And set the altar by the throne ;

Where guilt alone has cause of fear ;
Whose humblest son, to Freedom dear,
Nor feels, nor fears, a tyrant's rod ;
Where law is greatest under God.

Such gladdening thoughts their steps attend,
Till, where their joyous way they wend,
Bold Guadarama's heights ascend.
As o'er that rugged path they bend,
Fain, fain, their lingering steps would stay.

To court, awhile, that welcome shade,
A shelter from the burning ray,

Which by a monarch's hand was made,
In that sequestered forest-glade,
For other guests in other hours,
In Ildefonso's royal towers ;
Which, bosomed in the covering wood,
Within the circling mountains stood,
As if nor care, nor discord rude,
Nor war, nor woe, might ere intrude

Upon their peaceful solitude :
Like the fair child that takes its rest
Upon a mother's sheltering breast,
And by her arms is gently pressed,
Where seems nor sight nor sound of fear,
Nor pain, nor peril, could come near.

As wheel their close battalions by,
Why fixed the soldier's glistening eye ?
Why scarce repressed the struggling sigh ?
So cool, so bright, so fresh, so fair,
The flowers, the sod, the streams, the air,
Might seem a wizard power were there,
That in some fond illusion raised
That lovely scene whereon they gazed ;
Or opened, with a magic hand,

A vista to their native land ;
Save in that land, seemed ne'er had been
So cool, so fresh, so fair, a scene !

Enough for busy fancy's theme ;
They see a lovelier landscape beam
Than ever came on manhood's dream ;
A clearer stream is gliding by
Than e'er danced bright on manhood's eye ;
Beneath a sky of purer blue
Than e'er was given to manhood's view,
They wander o'er a smoother road
Than manhood's foot hath ever trod,
Through sunnier glades, and brighter bowers,
Than ever shone on manhood's hours,
To gather sweeter, fairer, flowers,
On fields of softer, fresher, green,
Than manhood's eye hath ever seen :
A balmier gale breathes round them now
Than e'er bathed manhood's aching brow ;
A far more welcome voice they hear
Than e'er fell sweet on manhood's ear ;
And fonder friends are smiling round
Than manhood's heart hath ever found ;

Recalling joys which partial Heaven
To manhood's hopes hath never given.

To these they list ; on these they gaze,—
The sights, the sounds, of early days ;
And hence the tear, and hence the sigh
That swells their heart, that fills their eye—
That eye is on a royal dome ;
That heart is with a humbler home.

But never, to the proudest breast,
By Ildefonso's domes possessed,
A prouder heart was known ;
And ne'er from under kingly crest

A loftier look was thrown
Than might the manly bosom know,
And open, sun-browned, forehead throw

Of Britain's humblest son ;
And ne'er on high imperial state
Did half the heartfelt transport wait,

Which in that kindling breast did glow,
As well the brightening eye might show,
When now from Guadarama's height,
Again the foeman meets their sight,
No longer eager for the fight,
Still bidding terror speed his flight.

Chorus. As in his steps they tread,
As faster still the foeman fled,
How tell their joy, how speak their pride,
When down steep Guadarama's side
They rush, no foe before their view ;
And nearer, and still nearer drew,
Till fair Madrid their banner knew ;
Or, when her tongue free utterance found
And shouted triumph, till the sound,
Re-echoing from her lofty walls,
And twice-deserted palace halls,
The thought of home once more recalls.—

Once more comes back that magic spot,
Though long forsaken, ne'er forgot ;
Though far from sight, to memory near ;
Where human joys are doubly dear ;
Where man, the weary pilgrim, goes
To end his wanderings and his woes ;
Where life's tired soldier seeks repose,
To bring earth's warfare to a close :
All anxious, there the hour to find,
That leaves this mortal coil behind,
As if the spot that hailed our birth
Were that where Heaven comes nearest earth !

But now no thoughts like these alloy
Their generous pride, their manly joy :
Far other themes their hearts employ ;
For hope now spoke of perils past,
Of rich rewards to come at last.
That spot to hope, to memory rose,
The vista of a sweet repose ;

Where a now grateful country came,
To speak their praise with loud acclaim,
And pour her blessings on their name ;
Taxing her boundless wealth to shed,
Her joyful honours on the head
Of those, for her, who fought and bled !

Nor wants there one that there may stand
And smile to hear the warrior's vow ;
Ready, with no unwilling hand,
To bind the laurels round his brow,
To him even fairer, dearer, now ;
Whose lips his country's praise repeat,
And make it music doubly sweet.

And long-lost friends are gathering fast,
To bid him welcome home at last,
To speak and hear of days gone past,
Around his father's ancient hearth
That smiled upon his infant mirth ;

That with its cheering, gladdening, rays,
Still burns to bless his later days
With faces kindling in its blaze.

Yet though his toils, his wanderings, cease ;
Though now of war he speaks in peace ;
Not lost to her, even that repose
A grateful country thus bestows.

Giving her gifts a rich reward,
Whate'er her bounty may accord,
He hangs not up a useless sword ;
But, teaching how that sword to wield,
To fear or foe unknown to yield,
As proved in many a former field,
The manly sire of manly son
Will show how fields shall yet be won ;
Will teach his children, heart and hand,
By king and country still to stand,—
To love and guard their native land.

How proud their thoughts, how sweet their joy,
Whose minds, whose hearts, these hopes employ,
Not mine to feel, not mine to show
The warrior's breast alone may know,
Returning from the tented field,
What pride, what joy, such thoughts may yield!

BRITANNIA INGRATA.

PART II.

WHAT though, awhile, their hopes deferred,
Hath Freedom's sigh again been heard !
Even now they cede no vanquished field ;
To numbers, not to courage, yield ;
Still face to face before the foe,
And foot to foot they backward go,
With dauntless heart and lifted hand,
Once more to take their lofty stand—
The guardian spirits of the land.
In vain the tyrant's stern command,
Who calls upon his gathering host,
Yet to redeem their laurels lost,
Yet to fulfil his empty boast,
And drive them headlong o'er the main,
To seek their island home again.

Such his behest—ask ye what fate
May on his hopes, their efforts, wait ?
Ask what success may fall to them
That would the mountain torrent stem :
Say, on the idle work intent,
The stream has for a while been pent,
What boots the time, the labour, spent !

The vain attempt but lends it strength,
Till rising in its wrath at length,
We see the mighty barrier rent :
Nor bank nor bound can force its stay ;
Unchecked, unchanged, it bursts away,
Destruction to the daring hand
That would its headlong course withstand.

So, stayed awhile, their victor-course,
By that delay, but gathers force ;
Big with despair and death to those
That would its giant power oppose

It comes in fury on their foes,
Whose baffled aim they laugh to scorn,
In helpless crowds before them borne.

On, on, they sweep, by hill and plain ;
Unstopped, unstayed, that spot they gain,
Long claimed by Victory as her own,
And long to England's glory known ;
Now even in happier union shown.

Where, erst, the proudest tale was told
Of England's warrior sons of old,
Her warrior sons of later days
Have earned a nobler, prouder, praise.
What, though their steps a hero lead
Upon Vittoria's plain to bleed,
Those fought to aid a tyrant's need ;
These, in a holier warfare bled,
And, freemen, by a freeman led,
When here their patriot blood was shed
Arose a nation freed.

Now was a brighter day begun,
Which witnessed, ere its setting sun,
A fallen usurper's hopes undone—
A crown—a kingdom lost and won!
Thus shall the spot, which, out of mind,
Saw England's, Victory's, names combined,
And with one verdant wreath entwined,
Behold them, ages without end,
In never-dying glory blend!

By the too dearly purchased prey,
Erst fruit of many a godless day,
Strewing the spoil-encumbered way,
Now fruit and witness of defeat,
Track we the humbled foe's retreat,
Until those mountain heights they gain,
By baffled Nature raised in vain,
Whose cloud-capt wall to Heaven ascends,
Her barrier to oppose,
That they, who scarce may meet as friends,
Might never meet as foes.

But rued, by Gallia's sons, the day,
That ere, in that unholy cause,
With felon step, they forced their way,
To outrage Nature's, Freedom's, laws !
Vain witness of their gallant stand !
Each mountain-cliff they scale,
Like fortress raised by giant's hand,
Which giant hands assail,
But yields another trophy, meet
For him who never knew defeat.

Again begins the panic rout ;
Again resounds the victor's shout,
While scattered like the mountain flock,
When the gaunt wolf appears,
Nor hill, nor dale, nor mountain-rock
But feels, or giving back the shock,
Bids sleeping echo wake to mock
The startled foeman's fears.

Not thine, my muse, with venturous wing,
Their every daring deed to sing,
'Till Ronces' fair and fertile vale
Once more was echoing to a tale
Again made haughty Gallia quail,
Her widows and her orphans wail,
And even her bravest sons grow pale
With grief, if not with fear !

Now gained the mountain's giant height,
What glorious prospect greets their sight
To speak of toils repaid !
What thoughts within their bosoms burn,
When, as their eye they backward turn,
Where now the sounds of discord cease,
Outstretched in beauty and in peace
One lovely land is laid !

Then, onward, where, their eye to greet,
Proud victory points their conquering feet,

Their souls with eager joy survey

A lovelier land before,

Which, in the bright autumnal ray,

Yet in unsullied beauty lay,

But lay in peace no more.

For safety and for freedom given,

That, joyous, hymns their praise ;

This, in their triumphs sees, at last,

The hand of an avenging heaven,

And dreads the future from the past,

And trembles at their gaze.

Pause we on this, yet scarce pause they,

But onward hold their conquering way :

Where every step new glory lends

Still, on their course of victory bends ;

In one resistless flood descends.

On by thy mountain pass, St. John !

On by the walls of fair Bayonne,

On by the banks of bright Garonne,
Still flows the tide of victory on ;
On where Bourdeaux their banner sees
Come floating on the western breeze
Which well her loyal heart may please ;

On where the cold and clear Nivelle
Beholds his crimsoned current swell,
And wonders at the unwonted flood
That warms his tepid course with blood :
On, on, they drag the lagging muse
By Nive, by Orthes, and Toulouse,
Till wearied memory's powers refuse
To number up their victories.

How may that muse, with flagging wing,
In soaring numbers rise to sing
How they the path of triumph tread
Till Gallia bows a suppliant head,
And, at the generous victor's hand.

Asks mercy for a prostrate land :
Nor asks in vain, while, from the brave
Who never conquered but to save
She gains the boon she never gave :
Sounds long unwonted to her ear !
Their voice dispels her guilty fear,
And tower, and town, and city rung
With Freedom's shout in England's tongue !

O ! where the bard whose venturous lays
In numbers meet might sing their praise ?
When, in those years of glory gone,
No day but on fresh triumphs shone ;
When every plain, and hill, and dale,
Could tell its own all-glorious tale ;
Of hope, of joy, of victory breathed,
And saw another garland won
To be by duteous children wreathed
Around Britannia's trophied brow.

All, all alas! forgotten now!

How every bark, by every breeze
That winged along her subject seas,
With hope, with joy, with victory fraught,
Some new, heart-stirring, tribute brought
The Island Queen to please.

She, then, with swelling, grateful, breast,
The hand of favoring Heaven confessed,
And oft the God of battles blessed
That gave her sons like these.

Their glorious deeds, Britannia, say,
Their years of toil, how e'er forget?
How rob their gallant brows to pay
A newer, not a heavier, debt!

Did they who struck the latest blow,
Ere fell the tottering fabric low,
Whose loud re-echoing crash was found
To reach the world's remotest bound
And shall through endless time resound,—

Did they Britannia's bounty know?—
On them her richest treasures poured,
On them her choicest honours showered,
Their triumph sung, their prowess praised,
Their brows entwined, their trophy raised!—
Yet praise nor palm be deemed as due,
Ye gallant souls! to such as you,
Who, when in strength untouched it towered,
While gloom and terror o'er it lowered,
While yet its front destruction frowned
Upon a world that trembled round,
Though all unaided and alone,
Shook to its base the Moloch throne;
Who bade the awakening nations see
What force in freeman's arm could be,
When, even, that potent spell it broke
That bound them to his iron yoke;—
Till Freedom's flag was full unfurled,
Till, in the dust the tyrant hurled,
They hailed us champions of the world!

Britons arise ! avert the shame
That waits that once all-honoured name ;

A nobler course pursue !
Why scan with niggard eye the claim,
The gage, and guerdon of your fame ;—
Why grudge the honours due ?

Shall they in cold contempt be spurned,
Whose breasts with generous ardour burned
To win that wreath for you ?—

Whose sword the path to victory shewed ;
Whose blood in countless torrents flowed ;
Who made the tyrant's minions cower ;
Until, through many a well fought hour,
They sapped the pillar of the power
That fell on Waterloo ?

Say, *there* were deeds of glory done,
Deeds worthy Britain's noblest son,
Since, *there* the latest wreath was won
That crowns the name of WELLINGTON !

Yet, but for many as gallant deed
Of those for whom we feebly plead,
Fondly, though faintly, intercede,
That name on which the nations hung,
That shall in every age be sung
By every lip, in every tongue,
Till time and space have with it rung,—
That name, itself, had ne'er been heard,
The praise of prince, the theme of bard,
The world's familiar household word!!

Theirs was the arm and theirs the shield
That raised him from the battle field,
And bade the world its homage yield
To him, who Freedom's foes defied.

His country's mighty ADALID.

While time, yet big with Europe's fate,
Saw hope and fear, alternate, wait,
Her wo to fix, or weal to date,

Was theirs to find his embryo fame
Yet shrouded in a humbler name ;
They saw the throe, they hailed the birth,
They nursed it till it filled the earth ;
They bade admiring nations stand,
Take chartered freedom from his hand,
And spread his praise from land to land.

The gallant deed is yet undone,
Aye, and beneath yon circling sun
Shall never be the day begun
That sees that prouder trophy won,
Whose brightness bids his laurels fade,
Or throws his glory into shade ;

Though with their arm, though by their aid,
That name was all immortal made,
Yet, not a trophy, not a stone,
To other times may tell their own ;

Or say *whose* arm that fame could raise,
Which bankrupts worth, which beggars praise !

Though, but for them, no more had been
Britannia hailed old ocean's Queen ;—
Though, but for them, for ever lost
Had been Britannia's prouder boast,—
But that their hand her honour saves,
Though Britons now had been but slaves ;—
Though, but for them, her blood had flowed
To glut the hate a tyrant owed ;
Her boundless wealth the gage to pay
That lured his eagles to the prey :—
Though, in the dust her banner trod,
Had o'er her breast his minions strode,
Her palaces their proud abode ;—
Though filled with rapine, plunder-gorged,
They of her gold had fetters forged,
And made her trembling children stand
To fix them on her struggling hand :—

Though, but for them, the youthful band,
The pride and glory of a land,
Had strewed, in whitening heaps, her strand,
Or worse, as slaves and hirelings gone
To prop a foreign tyrant's throne ;—
Though vain had been her widows' cries,—
Her weeping daughters made the prize
Of blood-fouled breasts and lustful eyes :—
Though such and worse had been her lot,
But that **THE GOD** who willed it not
Sent that her gallant host before
To turn the peril from her shore :—
Though such the debt Britannia owes,
Say what the meed her hand bestows?

Wearied with toil, with warfare spent,
Behold her noble veterans sent
To heartless, hopeless, banishment !
They who, like water, shed their blood,
Before her in the breach that stood,

Whose favours beggar gratitude !
To spare her boundless, worthless, wealth
Are sent, bereft of strength and health,
The remnant of their days to waste,
To lend that hour untimely haste
That soon had seen their labours close,
And given their war-worn limbs repose !

To quell her avaricious fears,
She counts with care their exiled years,
So fixed, so long, that few, that none,
Survive her step-dame ear to dun ;
Reproached with promises betrayed,
With hearts made sick by hope delayed.

As if her fell intent to show,
The work of fate found all too slow ;
Within some prison-island pent
Than Lerna's plain more pestilent,
She calls on hydra-headed death
To aid her with his poisonous breath.

O clime accursed ! the wo, the fear,
Of matron's heart, of mother's ear !
Wo to the hour the lust of gold
First found thy path, thy name first told !
Where health ne'er comes upon the breeze,
Where not even Nature's charms can please !
Thou hast no freshness in thy spring ;
In vain thy flowers their fragrance fling ;
No joys thy gathered harvests bring ;
Where panting summer, hovering o'er,
Bids life exude at every pore :
Where still by languor's power oppressed,
A load for ever on the breast,
No sleep is sweet, no slumber, rest :
Where, mind's best powers are prostrate laid
Unroused by art's or Nature's aid,
As if in that all-sweltering ray
The very spirit wastes away !

Is there some spot experience knows,
As well its rank luxuriance shows,

Where lie our Nature's deadliest foes ;
Where wasting fever, ever by,
With flushing cheek, and phrenzied eye,
Listens in vain for pity's sigh,
From mercy's hand hath never wrung
One drop to cool the burning tongue ?

Or say, that dire malaria, there,
Hovers, a form of viewless air ;
Mysterious power that loves to lurk
Where hands unseen their havoc work ;
Unheard, unknown ! where thou hast been
Too surely and too sadly seen !

Where life and death with realms are found
Divided by the narrowest bound ;
Where man's last foe no warning gives ;
Where he who breathes no longer lives ;
Where thousands come, few live to tell
Who stood at morn, at eve who fell ;—

There, clothed in Nature's gorgeous bloom,
Luring the victim to his doom,
Shrouded in all its moral gloom,
Gapes for its prey the living tomb ;
There, by their country's hand, prepared
For those whom time and war had spared !

Shall this be shunned ? remains a worse,
A darker and a deeper curse.
Behold her pour upon their path
The vial of a blacker wrath :
She bids them drain the maddening bowl,
Until that demon fills the soul
That owns nor man's nor God's control ;
That gluts the grave with greedier haste
Than war's or famine's widest waste.
Though death, disgrace, be in the cup,
The frenzied lip will drain it up :
The poisoned chalice still they quaff,
Even there resounds the fiend-like laugh,

Where, every human feeling fled,
They mix, the living with the dead !

What though, with spirit more refined,
More proud of heart, more firm of mind,
Many the vile temptation spurn,
And from such scene indignant turn ;
What boots, while time, despair, and pest
Discharge their country's stern behest,
No more to take them to her breast,
And bid them find an honoured rest
By that yet dearest spot of earth,
Of peace, and love, and chastened mirth,
The haunt, the home, old England's hearth ;
Where next, and near, to those of Heaven,
The sweetest, purest joys are given ?

Her banished felons cross the main,
Yet trust to see her soil again ;
Her exiled veterans never more
May hope to hail their native shore ;

They live unhonoured ; when they die,
No friend receives their parting sigh ;—
No stone to tell who there may lie,
They perish, and the passer by
Nor stays his step, nor turns his eye,
Nor says, Peace to thy memory !

Such the award Britannia gives
For those by whom she breathes, she lives :
Without a pang, she seals their doom,
And pays their service with—a tomb !
Her last, best, tribute to the brave,
A felon's fate,—an exile's grave !

If not for all this dire behest,
For most, her last,—for all, her best.

Ah, why long they her soil to see ?
On that loved shore, once more to be ?
Knew they what welcome waits them there,
What lot the sad survivors share,

Happy, alas ! thrice happy, they
Who ne'er were doomed to see the day ;
Whom in a foreign grave she laid,
Rejoiced to think their debt was paid.

What late-found honours grace their brow,
What grateful pœans greet them now !—
To chaffer, chide, and count the cost,
To hold the paltry pittance lost
That scarce may hire the humble shed
That hides, not shields, the veteran's head,—
That buys his children scanty bread.

Impatient of the brief delay,
That yet retards the wished-for day
That sweeps them from the earth away,
Though thousands to the grave have passed,
Too late the hour that sees the last !

If not forgot how well they fought,
Tis but to hug the grovelling thought,

When they for her who nobly wrought,
Through winter's cold, through summer's drought,
Shall sleep in one unhonoured grave,
And even that paltry pittance save ;—

O noble guerdon for the brave !

O ! how the thought my spirit spurns !
How honour's breast, indignant, burns !—
Would I could wake some muse of fire,
That might the patriot's breast inspire
To call, in justice and in ire,

Upon his country's name !

Then were it mine to raise a flame
Should kindle up the blush of shame,
Yet to redeem her faith and fame,
To lend the veteran's well-earned claim,
Though late, a willing ear !

Happy, if mine the easier part
To touch a generous monarch's heart,
Till to the quivering eye shall start

The veteran's manly tear ;
To see that debt, so long delayed,
At length, and e'en with usury paid,
While he, with gracious hand, bestows
All an ungrateful Nation owes,
Their grateful voice to hear :

For, as the stream still brightest shows
That to its head is near,
As sweetest, purest, where they rose,
The waters still appear,
When honour from its fountain flows,
To loyal hearts most dear !

BRITANNIA INGRATA.

CONCLUSION.

'Twas thus the anxious poet sung,
But, ere an answering voice was found,
The accents, lingering on his tongue,
Were in a Nation's wailing drowned :

For he who might have leant to hear,
Whose generous breast might now have beat
To give their prayer a gracious ear,
And lift the veteran from his feet,
With head laid low upon the bier,
Now claims, himself, the veteran's tear !

And never truer tear was shed
Beside the brother's dying bed,
Than fell around that honoured head,
When theirs, in sorrow passing shew,
Was mingled with a people's woe.

For never yet in Briton's breast
A better, kindlier, heart was guest,
Than in that Royal breast had rest.

What though 'tis here the Monarch sleeps,
As man for man the veteran weeps,
With millions mourning o'er his grave,
The brave and good, the good and brave !

'Mid millions, sorrow's deepest trace
Is that which marks their manly face,
Save where that grief in accents wild
May tell there bows the sorrowing child ;

Save her thrice bitter tears, still seen
To mark where deeper wo hath been,
Who mourns,—a widow and a Queen.

What, though on him their hopes had hung,
For whom their manly breasts are wrung?—
In that big grief that swells their heart
No selfish sorrow bears a part,
Or bids the veteran, lingering there,
Weep for himself in mute despair.

When HE, whose clear, all-piercing, eye
Sees where was placed that wondrous tie
Which, when life's sands begin to run,
Binds flesh and spirit into one,
With powerful hand hath snapped the spring,
And given the soaring spirit wing,
That, in its new, and better birth,
Gives heaven's to heaven, and earth's to earth:
Say, when the spirit, upward sped,

Leaves, slumbering in their lowly bed,
With ashes ashes, dust with dust,
Is human faith forbid to trust
That where all tears are wiped away,
Where pain and sorrow cannot stay,
Where all is bright, where all is pure,
Some earth-formed tie may still endure ;—
Some earth-born hope, some earth-born care
May for a while yet linger there !

O ! no, if to the joys of heaven
A purer zest be ever given ;—
If, in that happy world above
Where all is light, where all is love,
The soul some sweeter rapture know
The heaven of heavens could not bestow ;
'Tis when those sainted spirits lie
With earth-directed heart and eye ;
'Tis when the blessed share the bliss
Of those they loved and left in this !

Be this our faith ;—then even there
Where wafted with a people's prayer,
Alike that kingly spirit rose
Above earth's grandeurs and its woes,
He now regards them from above ;
Still loves them with a father's love :
And must it please him passing well
That where his royal mantle fell,
He sees his kindred virtues dwell ;
With what there claim their native place,
Gilding with all of woman's grace
The glories of a kingly race :—
The generous breast, the ready hand,
The heart that loves its native land,
The eye that ever smiled to see
Around the throne the brave and free,
With woman's ruth, that ne'er could steel
Her heart on pangs her hand could heal.

If woman's tear was ever bright,
If woman's tone was ever dear,
E'er came in pureness on the sight,
Or fell in sweetness on the ear ;
If ever woman's hand seemed fair
As if an angel's form were there ;
It was the tear that then was seen,
When, wearing mercy's gentlest mien,
England first saw her youthful Queen,
Even as a pitying angel mild,
And tender as the weeping child,
Hastening a woman's tear to shed
Upon a subject's guilty head ;
When she with mercy's hand was found
To raise the mourner from the ground ;
It was the tone which England heard
When first her voice, with Royal word
Attuned to mercy's sweet accord,
Bade hopeless guilt its terrors cease,
To sin no more and go in peace !

'Twas thus that mercy's soft bequest,
Dying within one Monarch's breast,
Arose in hers a sweet behest,
More sweet by woman's lips expressed.

O! be it long the brightest gem
That shines on England's diadem,
That he who gives it, with it gave
The power to smite, the will to save !

When mercy beams through woman's tear
The hopeless heart of guilt to cheer,
What have the brave and good to fear!

If life be still the fount where meet
The bitter waters and the sweet ;
While through the world those waters flow
A mingled stream of weal and wo,
Why e'er cease they whose cause is just,
In heaven to hope, in God to trust !

Why should they fear, when all beside
May drink them from a mingled tide,
For them unmixed, and them alone,
That only by the bitter known,
They find the present as the past,
And drain life bitter to the last ?

I saw the stream at early morn ;—
In smooth, unruffled current borne,
The pure and glassy waters showed
The smiling land through which they flowed.

I saw that stream when noontide came,
Alas ! it seemed no more the same ;
While gathering clouds in torrents pour,
And angry winds are sweeping o'er,
No more the peaceful waters stray
Along their calm and noiseless way,
But whirl, and boil, and chafe, and chide,
And toss and turn from side to side ;

While in their dark and troubled face
No form of beauty could I trace.

Ere evening's shades came down on day
Forth burst the Sun with dazzling ray ;
Late rough with storm and foul with rain,
The stream ran calm and clear again ;
Till all the smiling landscape round
Was in its brightening bosom found ;
What heaven has gorgeous, earth has fair,
In softened beauty blending there.

Lost in the care, turmoil, and strife,
That fill the busier hours of life,
While swelling passions heave the breast
And rob the troubled soul of rest,
No more the calm, the joy we trace
That beamed in childhood's happy face.

Yet what though manhood's hours beguile
Of joys that on life's morning smile ;

By fortune driven from side to side
On hope's and fear's alternate tide ;
Restless and rough with many a storm,
Though toils and tears its course deform,
Life, that thus roughens as it goes,
That long a sullen surface shows,
May yet run brightening to its close,
Till, in the calm and quiet breast
Earth's sweetest joys are found to rest ;
Till in the placid face is given
The image of a smiling Heaven !

The troubled stream begins to clear ;
Once more may hope take room of fear,
For when the past has long been pain
May peace and joy alone remain.

Shines forth that ray dispelling now
The gloom that clouds the veteran's brow :

When honour beams in beauty's smile,
Well may the veteran think the while,
Can fate again his hopes beguile ?

No ! be the gallant veteran told,
Once more, as in those times of old,
Shall valour meet the soft command
To take its meed from beauty's hand,
And find once more its proudest prize
To read its praise in beauty's eyes !

But worthless they of beauty's praise,
For those proud honours all unmeet
When chivalry's bright, glorious, days
Laid valour's hopes at beauty's feet ;—
And far from him be honour's meed
Whose churlish soul for self could plead,
Nor give one sigh, one sorrowing thought,
For those who by him toiled and fought ;—
For those alas, no longer there
The praise to hear, the meed to share !—

Thinking how some may still be near
With trembling joy that praise to hear
Which falls on death's unconscious ear ;
Whose drooping hearts that meed may cheer.

But when did valour seek to rest
Save in the warm and generous breast ?—
Still, where the hand deserves the palm,
O'erflows the heart with pity's balm ;—

And pity, from the manly brow,
Points out to her who holds their fate,
Where other knees now suppliant bow,
Where other eyes expectant wait ;

Where other hearts in anguish brood
O'er woes she may alone assuage,
Long, with their country's gratitude,
O bleak and barren heritage !
By many a dying hero left ;
Now of all earthly hope bereft,

Save that she bid them comfort take,
Nor longer for the future fear,
While, for a widowed mother's sake,
She dries the widowed mother's tear :

With scepter'd hand outstretched to save
From hopeless sorrow those who weep
Where, buried in a soldier's grave,
The husband and the father sleep !

Like some bright seraph from on high,
Sent down through Heavens mysterious way,
An orphan lists the orphan's cry,
An orphan's arm the orphan's stay :

An orphan bids the orphan trust
In Heaven's all good, all gracious, power.
While, bending o'er a father's dust,
She says they yet shall bless the hour

When Britain's light, when England's Queen,
Upon their lot propitious smiled,
And thought how she herself had been
A widow's hope,—a soldier's child !

When gentle youth and beauty reign ;
When pity spares even guilt from pain ;
Can valour, justice, plead in vain ?

Fate hangs upon the good and fair :
How can the brave, the good, despair !

NOTES.

NOTES.

NOTE I.

And Gallia's prostrate legions lay
In blood, upon Busaco's breast.—p. 6.

See Note, page 71.

NOTE II.

When treason's coward hand betrayed
The good, the gallant Moore!—p. 9.

Though not the first in order, as to time, of the Peninsular actions, it may be as well here to notice the Battle of Coruña, fought on the 16th of January, 1809.

Whether the conduct of the Spaniards, in leaving Sir John Moore so totally unsupported, after all the professions and assurances given to him on entering their country, was to be attributed to actual treachery, or to that selfish jealousy both of foreigners and of each other, which leaves its public men at all times ready to sacrifice the public good to the gratification of their own vanity and petty interests, is but of little moment. From whatever cause it proceeded, it was the means of exposing his soldiers to as great privations and sufferings as any army, with one single exception, ever was exposed to, and of depriving England of one of the best officers and most amiable men of whom she had ever reason to be proud. The loss sustained in the death of Sir John Moore, who fell mortally wounded by a cannon shot, after he had directed the most able dispositions for the battle, cannot be better expressed than in the words of another gallant officer, Sir John Hope, who succeeded to the command after he and Sir David Baird had been carried from the field. In speaking of the loss of their gallant and lamented commander, he says, "Like the immortal Wolfe he is snatched from his country at an early period of a life spent in her service; like Wolfe his last moments were gilded with the prospect of success, and cheered by the acclamation of victory; like Wolfe, also, his memory will for ever remain sacred in that country which he sincerely loved, and which he so faithfully served."

NOTE III.

Who from Vimiera's mountain plain,
Spoke to the world of happier days.—p. 11.

The battle of Vimiera, which took place on the 21st of August, 1808, was the first important action where the French received a check to their, hitherto victorious, career. Driven from Rolica on the 17th, the enemy concentrated their forces between Torres Vedras and Lisbon, and attacked the British who had followed up their retreat.

In this action the whole of the French force in Portugal, estimated at from 25,000 to 30,000, commanded by the Duke of Abrantes in person, were present, the British force not exceeding 19,000, about one-half of each army being actually engaged. Though superior also in cavalry as well as in artillery, Junot sustained a signal defeat, losing thirteen pieces of cannon, twenty-three ammunition waggons, with powder, shells, and stores of every description. This victory ultimately led to the Convention of Cintra, and the evacuation of Portugal by the French.

The Marquis of Londonderry, in his Narrative of the War, says, "the French fought well in this action, they fought like men who had been accustomed to conquer, and had not yet learned to suffer defeat."

The casualties of the British were, in killed and wounded, 43 officers and 700 men. The loss of the enemy estimated at from 3,000 to 4,000.

NOTE IV.

How upon Douro's vine-clad hills,
That light of hope that there awoke
Now Lusitania's joy fulfils;—p. 11.

In 1809 Sir Arthur Wellesley was appointed to the command of our army in Portugal, which he assumed in the month of May, and from this period may be dated the commencement of that successful career of the *Peninsular Army* which ultimately led to the final overthrow of the Bonaparte dynasty. His first operation was to dispossess the French of Oporto and the northern provinces. The army, then concentrated at Coimbra, was put in motion the first week in May, when, after some previous fighting, the enemy were driven across the Douro. On the morning of the 12th the allies effected the passage of the river, and drove them from Oporto, expelling them finally from Portugal. This short campaign is justly considered as brilliant an exploit as any battle of the Peninsula; the passage of such a river as the Douro, and in the face of such an adversary as Soult, without the usual means for so important an enterprise, can only be ascribed to the boldness and decision of the English commander, who followed up the first blow, before his opponent could anticipate such an attempt.

The British loss in this affair was 17 officers and 217 men.

NOTE V.

Though banished peace no longer roves,
 The guardian of the tree she loves,
 But leaves in tears her olive-groves,
 By Talavera's mount;
 Yet there first falls the orient ray.—p. 11.

The battle of Talavera de la Reyna, which took place on the 27th and 28th of July, 1809, was the first fought by Wellington upon Spanish soil, and is entitled to as particular notice as any action which took place during the War; displaying that determined courage for which the British soldier is ever so conspicuous. It was altogether a defensive battle on the part of the Allies, the position occupied by whom extended about two miles, from the Tagus on the right, to a ridge of mountains on the left. Near the left stood an isolated hill or mount, the key of the position, and to gain which the enemy made several determined efforts. Under cover of the night of the 27th, they had at one time possession of the summit, but were speedily driven from it by a reinforcement under General, now Lord, Hill.

From this to the town of Talavera on the right, the country is covered with olive groves, and in which the Spanish force was in position, but whom the French made no attempt to force, directing all their efforts upon the British, who with little more than 17,000 bayonets had to contend against nearly 40,000, the estimated strength of the enemy.

During the night of the 28th the enemy retired, leaving behind them twenty pieces of cannon, and an estimated loss of 10,000 men, with several generals; the Allies remaining masters of the field of battle.

The British loss during the two days was, in killed and wounded, 238 officers and 5,129 men.

NOTE VI.

——— from Busaco's corse-strewn side.—p. 12.

The battle of Busaco was fought upon the 27th of September, 1810, when the Allies, compelled by superiority of numbers, were retiring from the frontier of Portugal to the lines of Torres Vedras. In this action it would be difficult to say whether the determined bravery of the French in their attack, or the gallantry of the British in repulsing them, called most for admiration. The enemy advanced against the British position at two points; the one attack upon General Craufurd and the light division towards the left, the other upon the third division under Picton towards the right; in both cases ascending an almost perpendicular steep. Met at each by the bayonets of their opponents, they were driven back with immense slaughter. To the attack on Picton's division the description

in the Poem chiefly refers; the credit of repulsing it having fallen, almost exclusively, to the 88th regiment under Colonel Wallace, and four companies of the 45th regiment, under Captain, now Colonel Lightfoot, on whom had devolved the command of them during this arduous contest, in consequence of Major Gwynne having been previously wounded and carried off the field.

Referring to their conduct on this occasion, the Duke of Wellington observes in his despatch, that he never witnessed a more gallant attack than that made by these two regiments on the division of the enemy which had there reached the ridge of the Sierra. In addition to this flattering testimony of his Grace, and in further evidence of the gallantry they displayed, it will be sufficient to state that the loss sustained by these two corps, on the occasion, amounted to 16 officers, 7 serjeants, and 261 men, being nearly one-half of the whole British loss in the battle.

NOTE VII.

The towering crest

Where freedom formed her mountain-nest—

Her breathing-place of hope and rest.—p. 12.

When the enemy turned the position of the Allies on the ridge of Busaco, which they did on the 28th of September, the army retired upon the lines of Torres Vedras. This mountainous line crosses the Peninsula on which Lisbon stands, about twenty miles from that city, the sea on one flank and the Tagus on the other. We should rather say that there are lines so situated, there being two in advance, and one nearer the city, to cover the embarkation of the troops in case of necessity. Happily, for the latter there was no occasion found. Such was the quickness of Lord Wellington's eye in seeing the capabilities presented by this country, and such his skill, and soundness of judgment in turning these capabilities to the best advantage, that the enemy, after remaining before the allied position for some time, gave up in despair the idea of forcing it. Retiring in the first place to a position at Santarem, they, finally, evacuated Portugal in the month of March the following year. This result was more than equivalent to any victory that could have been obtained in battle. The certainty of the British having a position, on which they could at all times retire, and whence they could not possibly be driven; the port of Lisbon open behind them to afford supplies of every kind, independent of what they might draw from Portugal, was not less calculated to inspirit our allies, than to damp the courage of the French.

The latter now found that they were no longer to carry every thing by *coup-de-main*, as they had in fact, in a great measure, been doing since the commencement of the revolutionary war. They saw that they had now to contend with an enemy as persevering as they were brave, and who could, at all times, here abide the issue of events

without inconvenience, while they themselves had to draw their supplies with difficulty through a hostile country.

In our Allies, on the other hand, both Spaniards and Portuguese, it was calculated to rouse as far as possible the spirit of exertion, giving them, as it did, the assurance of continued support upon the part of England, and the certainty that they should not be abandoned, in the end, to the fury of a victorious enemy exasperated by resistance. It need scarcely be remarked, that the impregnability of the lines experimentally proved, enabled Lord Wellington to act with a decision and boldness in seizing conjunctures, and in trusting to contingencies, which had the most decidedly favourable influence on the issue of the war; on which, however, but for this impregnable fortress in his rear, he might neither have been justified, nor would his own prudence have permitted him, to rely.

While all its powers were looking with anxiety to the capability of resistance these might afford our troops, it may be truly said, for the reasons stated, that the liberties of Europe, rested for the time upon the lines of Torres Vedras.

NOTE VIII.

Whose baffled foes, in vain essay
To drive her from that home away.—p. 12.

The disappointment experienced by the enemy in this result, notwithstanding the confidence and bravado with which they had advanced against the Allies, must have been peculiarly galling to the soldiers of Napoleon. This, indeed, became but too apparent by the conduct which they followed during their retreat, not only destroying and wasting the country for the purpose of obstructing the movements of our army, but also inflicting such wanton cruelties on the inhabitants as were disgraceful to humanity; such, indeed, as, were they not so well authenticated, would almost pass belief.

After quitting Santarem a series of affairs took place, in which, harassed by our troops, they suffered considerable loss.

On the 15th of March they occupied a position on the river Ceira, with their advance in front of Foz de Aronce; here a sharp action took place, when they were driven beyond the river. In the precipitancy of their retreat, from the numbers crowding on the bridge, many were crushed to death, and some hundreds drowned in their attempt to ford the stream.

In this affair was killed Lieutenant Hepenstall of the 88th regiment; as brave an officer as this or any other corps could ever boast of. Happy, as the Editor must otherwise have been, to embrace the opportunity of paying a tribute to the memory of a gallant friend and companion in arms, he is here led to specify more particularly the time and manner of his death, from the circumstance which follows. This officer, by the second marriage of his mother, became nearly connected with Dr. Duigenan, at that

time, as is well known, one of the most strenuous opponents of the claims of the Catholics in the House of Commons, and on that account, particularly obnoxious to them and their supporters. Some time after his death had been announced in the Gazette, a letter appeared in the Dublin and London papers, purporting to come from Hepenstall himself, dated ostensibly from the United States, contradicting the intelligence of his death, and assigning reasons for his having left the Peninsula. Calculated, as it was, to distress them for the moment, his family had received proofs too conclusive of his fate to permit of their being kept in suspense by this diabolical attempt to tamper with their feelings. Those among his friends, however, who remember the circumstance, may feel some interest in perusing the following extract of a letter to the writer, from an officer now high in the medical department of the army, and who was serving with the regiment at the time. The letter in question is dated from Mauritius, in December last.

“The brave Hepenstall!—instructed by his brother subaltern, Will Nickle, I went at daylight the following morning to the pine-wood, to look for the body and have it buried. The spot I gained at the moment some Highlanders were in the act of depositing the body, they said, of an officer in the narrow house they had prepared for it. It was enveloped in a gorgeous bed quilt, the plunder of the enemy that lay thickly strewn about:—it proved to be the body of Hepenstall. A ball had passed through the left breast, wounding, no doubt, the heart or some great vessel, and causing instant death. There might have been other wounds, but I looked not for them. The spirit of the brave had winged its way to other and happier regions. Enrolled in its shroud, the mortal fabric was laid, in solemn silence, in the soldier’s grave upon the field of victory. Few could fall of greater promise!

“I send you a copy of his classical production on the Battle of Busaco. Considering it was composed under circumstances the most unfavourable to literary pursuits, and probably without the aid even of a dictionary, it does credit to the education and talents of the author.”

The brave Hepenstall! Who that ever saw him on the field of danger will not re-echo this tribute to the memory of the gallant soldier? An honour to the profession he had chosen, who, that ever knew him, could refrain from joining with his relatives in what must have been their feelings of regret that he had not fixed on one that might have afforded him a longer and more prosperous, though it could not have been a more glorious, career? Some profession he might assuredly have found, which, if it could not have shown him in a more honourable field, might have afforded him at least one better fitted for his talents and acquirements.

The poem above alluded to, which is in hexameter verse, was found amongst his papers after his death, and although, as might be expected, in an unfinished state, is such as fully to justify the eulogium bestowed upon it.

NOTE IX.

By proud Rodrigo's lofty wall.—p. 12.

Ciudad Rodrigo was taken by assault on the night of the 19th of January, 1812. This siege affords a memorable instance of what may be accomplished by the prompt decision of a leader, and a vigorous prosecution of his plans by a brave and devoted army.

Upon the 8th of the month, the town was first invested by four divisions of the army, who, from the severity of the weather, the country being then covered with snow, were cantoned in the neighbouring villages; carrying on the duties of the trenches alternately.

In the short space of eleven days, three advance works and the place itself were assaulted and taken; before the enemy's general, whose duty it was to watch events, was even aware of its danger.

In 1810, when the French took the place, they commenced the investment the end of April, and broke ground before it on the 10th of June. On the 30th, they were repulsed from a practicable breach by the Spanish garrison, nor was it till the 10th of July, when a second breach having been made, and the troops formed for the attack, that Harvaste, its brave defender, seeing no prospect of relief, was obliged to surrender, being allowed to retire with all the honours of war.

NOTE X.

Where many a now immortal name

First drank at Honor's fount.—p. 12.

The village of Fuentes de Honor, near which this battle was fought, is said to derive its name from the Persian wheel, in Spanish *Noria*, and *Nora* in Portuguese, employed in raising the water from its wells. The text naturally adopts the common, and more poetical, appellation of the place.

This action, fought on the 3d and 5th of May, 1811, was with the view, on the part of the French, to relieve their garrison in Almeida, but after an ineffectual attempt on both days to force the position of the allies, they were compelled to desist, and leave the town to its fate.

The British loss, in the two days, was 89 officers and above 1,500 men. The total loss of the enemy was estimated at 7,000, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, of which they left 400 dead in the village.

NOTE XI.

Until their shout of triumph rose
From thrice-beleaguer'd Badajos.—p. 13.

Badajos, the capital of Spanish Estremadura, stands on the left bank of the Guadiana, which is here a deep and sluggish stream, embracing a large portion of the north face of the works.

The town contains a population of about 16,000, and, within the space of thirteen months, experienced the miseries attendant upon a state of siege three several times. The first was undertaken by Lord Beresford towards the end of April, 1811, who was obliged to abandon operations by Soult advancing to its relief, and which led to the battle of Albuera on the 16th of May.

The second siege was by Lord Wellington in person, who, after the battle of Fuentes de Honor, directed his steps towards the south with a portion of the allied army. Operations commenced on the 30th of May and continued till the 10th of June, when the siege was again abandoned; Soult having a second time advanced in combined operations with the army of Marmont from the north. The allies continued the blockade of the town till the 17th, when they recrossed the Guadiana and took up a position on the Caya.

The third siege, again undertaken by Lord Wellington in person, was begun on the 17th of March, 1812, and continued without interruption till the 6th of April, when it fell by assault, after a most determined and gallant resistance on the part of the French.

The Allies failed in carrying the breaches, but the 3d division having carried the castle on the right, and the 5th division the works on the left of the town, both attacks by escalade, the enemy abandoned the place, and retired to Fort St. Christoval, on the right bank of the river, where they surrendered next morning.

During this siege the allied loss exceeded 5,000 in killed and wounded, the British portion being 311 officers and 3,502 men.

NOTE XII.

On Salamanca's storied plain,
Now known to a severer fame,
That ever poet's peaceful strain
Or learning's powers supplied.—p. 12.

Salamanca, a town of Leon, situated on the right bank of the Tormes, has been long a seat of learning, and its university, the most celebrated in Spain, is said to have been founded by Ferdinand III. of Castile, in the year 1240.

Here was fought, within sight from the town, upon the left of the river, the battle of the 22d of July, 1812.

Flushed with confidence, from the superiority of their numbers, the enemy advanced boldly, certain of driving the Allies back into Portugal. In this, however, they were completely disappointed. The English General, by his skilful manœuvres, kept them in check, watching a favourable opportunity to become the assailant. An error of one of their Generals gave him the opportunity he desired, availing himself of which, he fell upon them like a thunder-bolt, and the issue of the attack was as decided a rout upon the part of the French, as was, perhaps, ever experienced by any army. Their broken and discomfited masses, swept away before our victorious troops, were precipitated upon the Tormes, in crossing which many were drowned. Had it not been for the protection afforded them by the night immediately coming on, for it was four in the evening before the action commenced, few of them could have escaped. As it was, although prevented following up the victory to the full extent, the trophies of the day were two eagles, twelve pieces of cannon, and 10,000 prisoners.

It has been said, how far with truth the Editor is not aware, that the Duke of Wellington has been heard to express himself to the effect, that if required to particularize any of the battles in which he commanded, for the purpose, that of Salamanca is the one on which he would be best contented to rest his reputation as a General. When we consider the infinite skill with which, during the previous operations, he out-manceuvred his opponents, rendering their superiority of numbers of no avail, the eagle-eyed sagacity that saw the error of the French commander, and the promptness and decision with which he turned it to his purpose, ending, as it did, in the total discomfiture and rout of the enemy, it is by no means improbable that such is his opinion, although it may never have been so openly expressed. On comparing it even with the most brilliant of his other victories, such, no doubt, will be the opinion of most military men.

The allied loss in the battle of the 22d, and previous operations, was nearly 6,000, the Spanish proportion being *two men killed, and four wounded*.

The total loss of the enemy was estimated at 20,000.

NOTE XIII.

They, who at morn in converse stood,
By valour joined in brotherhood.—p. 14.

The terms of mutual respect in which the British and French soldiers held each other, and the friendly intercourse it frequently led to, have been noticed by every writer on the Peninsular War. Nor was this confined to out-post duty only, the soldiers engaged on which, seemed by a tacit agreement, and as a point of honour perfectly understood on both sides, to have agreed to avoid the unnecessary destruction of life, and as far as consistent with duty, perhaps a little beyond what was strictly so, to testify

the respect with which they had inspired each other. The officers of the two armies were also, not unfrequently, thrown into situations where they had the opportunity of evincing similar feelings. Of this an instance comes to the writer's recollection, as happening, among others, at the battle of Fuentes de Honor. On the morning of the 5th, when the French made their attack upon the right of our position, the writer of this note was at the time in conversation with an officer of a picket of the enemy in his front, where there was no prospect of the lines being immediately engaged; seeing the state of things, which then ensued, after a mutual exchange of civilities, both parties retired to their respective posts, and were soon after engaged in warm conflict.

Instances of this kind, which might be multiplied without number, must be considered with a mixed feeling. It is certainly pleasing to see warfare in its minor details divested of the ferocity that marked it in the case of the French and our Allies in the war of independence, or of the horrors characterizing the present civil war in Spain. The idea however, of men meeting one moment, not only without personal animosity, but almost with feelings of kindness towards each other, and the next being opposed in deadly contest, is in itself a thing by no means agreeable to contemplate. It is certainly not much calculated to strip war of the character it has at all times been considered to be entitled to, as one of the scourges of the human race.

NOTE XIV.

Fame, freedom, justice, nerve their hand,
And God defends the right.—p. 16.

In times when it was customary to look for the visible interposition of a superior power, the least superstitious might have been expected to recognize it in the case in question.

The fearful war of elements that occurred the night preceding the battle of Salamanca will not be easily forgot by those who witnessed it, especially the degree in which the horses, breaking loose from their pickets and running in terror among the soldiers, added to the natural grandeur, we might say sublimity, of the scene. The completeness of the success which crowned the British arms may justify its being considered as an actual, if not a visible, interposition of the hand of Providence in aid of the better cause.

NOTE XV.

Till o'er Castile's fair spreading plains,
They reach Segovia's lofty towers.—p. 18.

Segovia, a celebrated town of Old Castile, where are many remains of Moorish and Roman antiquity. Among the former is the Alcazar, once the palace of the Moorish

kings, and afterwards of Ferdinand and Isabella, but which since their days has been used as a state prison. This building stands on a rock rising some hundred feet above the river, which winds round nearly three-fourths of its base, and is cut off from the town on the remaining portion by a deep ditch and defences.

The aqueduct, said to have been built by Trajan, is to be seen at different points between the town and Ildefonso, where the water is obtained; but the most remarkable feature of this structure is the portion in the suburb of the town, consisting of two rows of arches, one above the other, nearly two hundred in number, the whole being formed of large blocks of stone fitted into, and supporting, each other without cement; having thus withstood the ravages of time for eighteen centuries.

NOTE XVI.

In Ildefonso's royal towers;
Which, bosomed in the covering wood,
Within the circling mountain stood.—p. 21.

San Ildefonso, a village fifty miles north of Madrid. Here is situated the palace of La Granja, a favourite summer residence of the Royal Family. The building and gardens, with the numerous *jets d'eau*, were formed after the model of the palace and gardens of Versailles by the Bourbon dynasty on their accession to the throne of Spain. The palace is situated at the bottom of the Sierra Nevada, an attached ridge of the Guaderama, in a recess on the north side of the mountain, which rises to a considerable height, covered with trees to its summit, and to the east and west; thus sheltering it at all times from the scorching heats of summer. The front of the building looks to the gardens, which rise before it, till they terminate in the craggy pine-covered summit, adding much to the picturesque beauty of this delightful residence. The whole presents a scene, certainly, much more calculated to remind the beholder of the verdure and freshness of a more northern clime, than of the burning fields and sultry suns of Spain.

NOTE XVII.

How tell their joy, how speak their pride,
When down steep Guaderama's side
They rush?——
And nearer, and still nearer drew,
Till fair Madrid their banner knew.—p. 25.

From our bivouac in the woods of Ildefonso, at day-break on the 10th of August, we began to ascend the mountain; the road winding among stately pines and rugged precipices, at every point presenting behind us a prospect in every way worthy to arrest the attention. From the summit we commanded a boundless view of the country we had

lately traversed, interesting from being the scene of our past toils and victories, while in our front lay one not less so from its novelty, from the many striking objects that presented themselves to the eye, but, above all, awaking feelings the most intensely interesting from our near approach upon the capital of Spain. A flying and dispirited enemy in our front, with exhilarated spirits we descended the wooded skirts of the mountain, the palace of the Escorial to our right, while more distant lay Madrid, with its hundred globe-topped spires, the indication of former Moorish sway. Encamping in the neighbourhood upon the 12th, we moved into the city the following day.

"It is impossible," says Lord Wellington, "to describe the joy manifested by the inhabitants of Madrid upon our arrival; and I hope that the prevalence of the same sentiments of detestation of the French yoke, and of a strong desire to secure the independence of their country which first induced them to set the example of resistance to the usurper, will induce them to make exertions in the cause of their country which will be more efficacious than those formerly made."

Here then was a state of affairs at once to excite and justify expectations, not only as to the prosperous, but speedy, termination of their toils which, notwithstanding their successes, our army could at no previous period have been warranted to indulge; naturally, therefore, giving rise to feelings which the author of the Poem has endeavoured to embody in this portion of his work.

NOTE XVIII.

Even now they cede no vanquished field,
To numbers, not to courage, yield.—p. 30.

War has often, and not inaptly, been compared to the flux and reflux of the ocean, and to this description the contest in the Peninsula afforded no exception. It was long a common observation there, that the enemy never were compelled to retire before the Allies but that they found means to return with redoubled force. Such was now the case, and the tide once more turned in their favour. After the successful career in the early part of 1812—the fall of several fortresses—the victory of Salamanca—the enemy driven across the Ebro—and King Joseph dispossessed of the capital—Wellington found himself again obliged to yield to numbers, and to retrace his steps upon Portugal.

On the 8th of November the portions of the allied army, the main body from the North, and that from the Tagus and Madrid under General Hill, formed a junction on the Tormes. The latter passed the river at Alba de Tormes, and the main body under Lord Wellington took up a position on the heights of San Christoval the same day. On the 15th the army commenced its retreat, and on the 20th their rear had crossed the Aguada.

The enemy, now concentrated on the Tormes, were estimated at from 80,000 to 90,000, of whom 10,000 were cavalry, with not less than 200 pieces of artillery—a force overwhelmingly superior to any the Allies could have mustered to oppose them.

NOTE XIX.

Long claimed by Victory as her own,
And long to England's glory known.—p. 32.

The French having found it impossible to keep their force concentrated in the manner which had compelled the Allies to retire before numbers so superior, Lord Wellington, embracing the earliest opportunity of being able to cope with them on more equal terms, again commenced offensive operations in the beginning of May, 1813.

On the 21st of June, one short month from the opening of the campaign, was fought the battle of Vittoria, and from that period may be dated the complete overthrow of the usurper's hopes of securing to himself the throne of Spain. The enemy, commanded by Joseph Bonaparte in person, with Marshal Jourdan as his second in command, having abandoned the line of the Douro, retired behind the Ebro, and took up a position in front of Vittoria, where they were attacked and routed at every point. No victory was ever more complete, leaving in the hands of the conqueror 150 pieces of cannon, above 400 waggons of ammunition, all their baggage, provisions, cattle, treasure, and other trophies.

The British and Portuguese loss was 234 officers and above 4,000 men, the British proportion being 184 officers and 3,026 men.

The city of Vittoria is said to have obtained its present name from a victory gained by Leuvigildus, 16th king of the Goths, over the Swevians, whose kingdom he conquered and added to his own, so early as towards the end of the 6th century.

Its vicinity, however, having been the scene of the successful operations of Edward the Black Prince, in restoring to his dominions Don Pedro the Cruel, King of Castile, this will, it is hoped, be sufficient to justify the allusion to the name, as twice associated with the glory of the English arms.

The battle which overthrew Henry and restored Pedro to his kingdom was fought betwixt Navarette and Nejara, on the right bank of the Ebro; but Froissart in his Chronicles mentions that, before the prince had crossed that river, he occupied, for six days, a position in front of Vittoria, probably near the scene of Wellington's victory. He further mentions that, while in this position, Don Tello, Henry's brother, having advanced to reconnoitre the Prince's army, fell in with a body of English, under Sir Thomas Felton, who, being much inferior in numbers, in the proportion of 160 lances and 300 archers to 6,000 of the enemy, took possession of a height, where they defended themselves till the whole of the English knights, after performing prodigies of valour, were killed or made prisoners; none escaping except a few boys by the fleetness of their horses.

It may be mentioned as a curious incident, that during the battle, when Lord Wellington was giving directions for the third division to attack a height in possession of the enemy, the Spanish General, Alava, who during the war was personally attached to Lord Wellington's staff, remarked that the hill in question was, by the tradition of the country, known as the *Altura de los Ingleses*, or hill of the English; this is supposed to be the hill alluded to in the chronicles.

NOTE XX.

Not thine, my muse, with venturous wing,
 Their every daring deed to sing,
 Till Ronces' fair and fertile vale,
 Once more was echoing to a tale,
 Again made haughty Gallia quail.—p. 35.

Roncesvalles, a well-known valley between Pampeluna and St. Jean de Pied du Port, celebrated in history and romance for the defeat of Charlemagne by Loup, Duke of Gascony, assisted by the Saracens. A pillar erected on the spot in commemoration of the victory was destroyed by the French troops in 1794. A truly ridiculous ebullition of national vanity.

It is impossible here to enumerate the successive operations following up the decisive blow received by the enemy at Vittoria. Driven from the field of battle on the 21st,—flying, and harassed in every possible way, their rear guard entered Pampeluna on the 24th, with one howitzer only, the advance of the Allies having, the same day, taken from them their only remaining gun. Continuing their retreat, they crossed the Bidassoa, and sought shelter within their own frontier. On the 13th of July, Marshal Soult assumed the command of their shattered forces, having been, as Massena was before, recalled from the theatre of war in Germany to endeavour to retrieve their fortunes.

On the 25th he became the assailant, and attacked the Allies, but without success; and from this period to the 2d of August the Pyrenees became the scene of a series of sanguinary conflicts, which ended in the enemy being completely beaten, and frustrated in all their designs, and seeking shelter once more in their own country.

During the operations of these eight days, the British loss was very considerable, the casualties being 284 officers and 4912 men.

On the 7th of October Lord Wellington invaded the French territory, by crossing the Bidassoa, and carrying their defences on that river, causing them great loss, and obliging them still further to retire, when they again took up a strong position behind the Nivelle. The passage of this river the Allies effected on the 10th of November, driving the enemy from all their entrenchments and taking above fifty pieces of cannon, with a great many prisoners.

The British loss in this affair was 144 officers and nearly 2000 men.

Driven from the Nivelle, the enemy's next position was a strong entrenched camp upon the Nive, connected with Bayonne. On the 9th of December the Allies passed this river, and from that day to the 13th a succession of actions took place. On the latter day the enemy made a desperate attack on General Hill, but, being beaten at all points, they retired within their entrenchments.

The British loss during the five days amounted to 157 officers and 2526 men.

From the above period to the month of February following, several preliminary

movements took place, when the enemy had retired behind the Gave de Pau, and occupied a strong position near Orthes. Here on the 27th of this month they were again attacked, routed, and compelled to retreat, and, on the 24th of March, Soult reached Toulouse with his army. On the 8th of April the Allies crossed the Garonne, and on the 10th attacked the enemy in his entrenchments, when they were again victorious.

The Allies establishing themselves on three sides of the town, the French again retired during the night, leaving in the hand of the victors three general officers, and above 1600 men, with great quantities of stores of all descriptions in the town.

The loss of the British in the above operations was 275 officers and 3745 men. And here an end was put to the glorious career of the Peninsular army, which was only prevented from adding to its triumphs by the suspension of hostilities, and the conclusion of the Peace of 1814.

NOTE X X.

On where Bordeaux their banner sees
Come floating on the western breeze,
Which well her loyal heart may please.—p. 37.

The city of Bordeaux, as it had been one of the last places in which the spirit of loyalty and attachment to the exiled dynasty had been forcibly put down, so was it the first to show that these feelings, although repressed, had never been extinguished in the breasts of its inhabitants, even by the hard and heavy hand, first of the Republic, and afterwards of Napoleon. No sooner did the near approach of the allied forces under Marshal Beresford permit of their doing so, than they eagerly embraced the opportunity it afforded them of declaring openly their unabated attachment to the Bourbon family. The Field Marshal, disregarding any temporary advantage which it might present to the Allies, greatly to his credit for humanity, pointed out to them the danger of rashly committing themselves with the existing government. Equally however to the credit, if not of their prudence, yet of their loyalty and courage, the mayor of the city, in the name of himself and fellow royalists, declared that they were fully aware of the importance of the steps they were taking, but were notwithstanding determined to assert and to adhere to the principles at every risk.

NOTE XXII.

Theirs was the arm and theirs the shield
That raised him from the battle field,
And bade the world its homage yield,
To him who freedom's foes defied,
His country's mighty Adalid.—p. 42.

Adalid, the title of an officer of high rank in the Castilian army; the Adalid Mayor being the Field Marshal, or Commander-in-Chief, of all the Adalides.

To those who are familiar with ancient Spanish history, the allusion here made will be at once apparent. To those who are not, all obscurity will be removed by the following extract from a very interesting paper on the Gothic laws of Spain, contained in the 61st number of the *Edinburgh Review*.

“It was said by the wise ancients,” in the words of King Alonzo the Wise, “that the Adalid should be endowed with four gifts; the first is wisdom, the second is heart, the third is good common sense, the fourth is loyalty. And when the King, or any other lord, wishes to make an Adalid, he must call unto him *twelve of the wisest* Adalides that can be found, and these must *swear* that they will *truly say* if he whom they wish to choose to be an Adalid hath the four gifts of which we have spoken: and if they answer yea, then they are to make him an Adalid.”

“The singular ceremonies,” continues the reviewer, “with which the office was conferred upon the Adalid, are evidence of the high honours which he had, and the power which he exercised.” “The King,” again making use of King Alonzo’s language, “was to bestow upon him rich garments, and a sword, and a horse, and arms of *wood* and *iron* according to the custom of the country. By a *Rico-home*, a Lord of Knights, the sword was to be girt, and then a shield was placed upon the ground; the future Adalid stepped upon it, the King drew the sword out of the scabbard, and put it naked into his hand. And now as many of the twelve Adalides as can assemble round the shield grasp its edge, and lift him up as high as they may, and they turn his face towards the East. ‘In the name of God,’ exclaims the Adalid, ‘I defy all the enemies of the faith, and of my Lord the King, and of his land.’ And thus speaking, he lifted up his arm, and struck a stroke downward, and he then struck another stroke across, thus describing in the air the ‘sweet and holy sign of redemption’; and he repeated this challenge four times towards each of the quarters of the world. Then the Adalid sheathed his sword, and the King placed a pennon in his hand, saying, ‘*I grant unto thee that henceforward thou art to be an Adalid.*’”

Wisdom, courage, common sense, and loyalty! truly, it must be confessed that, in applying the term to the noble individual in question, no wise saw of ancient times was ever known to find a happier illustration in a modern instance.

It may be added, that the reviewer derives the term from two words in the Norsk language, *adall* noble, and *leida* to lead.

NOTE XXIII.

Behold her noble veterans sent

To heartless, hopeless banishment.—p. 45.

What is said relative to the system adopted towards our troops on foreign service, or rather in that portion of it comprehending the West India Station, it is a pleasing duty of the Editor to remark, applies almost exclusively to former times.

In speaking of the system as it formerly existed, language too strongly vituperative could scarcely be employed. Twelve years, to those who have arrived at manhood, must be considered, at all times, a great part of the duration of the remainder of human life. To those who may have passed its meridian, or who have been long exposed to the privations and fatigues of active service,—such as our army had to encounter in the Peninsula, and which, in the end, told more or less upon the strongest constitutions,—this number might be considered as an average of the years which, even under favourable circumstances, many could look forward to enjoy. Such however was long the time usually allotted for service in the West Indies; nearly double the period of banishment assigned to many as a punishment for violating the laws of their country. By the latter too, be it remarked, this comparatively short term of exile was to be spent in an infinitely superior climate, and, as at that time at least was the case, with other advantages and ameliorations of their state of banishment, which her less fortunate defenders did not enjoy in theirs.

By want of foresight, or from the causes operating unfavourably on the health of Europeans being imperfectly understood, the barracks for our soldiers had been, many of them, built in situations of all others the most likely to expose them to the worst and most deleterious influences of what may be, at the best, denominated a pestiferous climate.

To aggravate the evil, and increase the danger, these barracks—no doubt from the idea of keeping the soldiers near the spot where their presence was most likely to be required, either in repulsing the attack of a foreign enemy, or checking a spirit of insurrection among the slaves—were generally situated near large towns or in the more densely populated districts, thereby holding out temptations to the soldiers at all times difficult to resist, but here rendered altogether irresistible, from the effect of climate and the force of circumstances.

The consequences were such as might have been anticipated: both officers and soldiers considered their term of service equivalent to a sentence of banishment for life. The former gave himself up to that despair, which, giving the influence of climate double power in undermining a constitution already, it might be, weakened by previous service, left him a certain and easy prey to the attacks of disease, as the more unhealthy seasons periodically recurred. With the soldier, as might be expected, being without the moral influence that acted on the mind of his superior, either to support or to restrain him, the work of destruction was infinitely more rapid. Yielding to the temptations which it might be said were so unnecessarily thrust upon them, they gave themselves up to habits of intemperance and vice of every kind, with a recklessness and disregard of the common dictates of morality and religion truly appalling; and which would be more astonishing, were it not that it has found a parallel in every case where numbers have been exposed together to the approach of death, which they see little or no opportunity of escaping;—a phenomenon as disgraceful to human nature, as it is difficult to account for on any rational or moral grounds. In the instance alluded

to in the concluding part of the description, as to the manner in which our soldiers were affected by this cause, there is reference to a circumstance that happened a few years ago. During a period of extreme sickness which suddenly occurred, such were the irregularities of the men in the hospital, that it became necessary to mount a guard there, to restrain them. The only place which the crowded state of the hospital admitted of being appropriated for the accommodation of the party, was that where the bodies of the dead were carried previous to interment. The callous behaviour and unfeeling language of the soldiers beside the bodies of their comrades, whose eyes had been that moment closed in death, and the daring and profane allusions to the certainty of the fate that awaited themselves, as described by an eye-witness, is harrowing to the mind, and of itself speaks volumes against the general system, by which an effect so totally demoralizing could have been produced.

The West India Colonies have been long said to be the grave of Europeans; what is infinitely worse, they were long, with the exception of mere animal courage, the grave of all that is praiseworthy and manly in the character and feelings of the British soldier. We have said long, because, thanks to the present authorities, a change has been introduced that has already mitigated the evils; and, when carried to the full extent, must ultimately remove them as effectually as the nature of the case will admit.

By shortening the period of service, by removing the soldiers from those barracks situated in the more unhealthy spots, and by issuing fresh provisions to the troops, instead of the rations of salt meat as hitherto practised,—the prejudicial effects of which are so strikingly exposed by Sir Andrew Halliday, in his work on the West Indies, and by Dr. William Fergusson, of Windsor, in several able papers in the *United Service Journal*,—much has already been effected.

By these and other improvements at present engaging their attention, those who have now the direction of the affairs of the army have entitled themselves to the deepest gratitude of the British soldier—both officers and men; to the gratitude, we may say, of the whole British public, whose welfare depends so essentially on the efficiency of that branch of the service.

In considering of what further improvement the system may be yet susceptible, it is worth consideration, whether, as a means of lessening the number of regular troops required for West India duty, and in addition to the black corps already destined for that purpose, there might not be established a force of an intermediate description, between the regular soldier and a body of men such as that of the present admirable police force of London, that is, more subject than the latter to military law and military discipline.

By fixing on certain healthy spots, such as may probably be found in most of the Islands, sufficiently near to any point where their presence is likely to be required,—by exacting no more of their daily time than what may be necessary for keeping up the necessary discipline,—by assigning them as much land in these several locations as may,

along with their pay and rations, not only serve for the comfortable subsistence of themselves and families, but enable them to look forward to the saving as much capital, within a reasonable period, as may permit of their return to Europe with a competency, or give them the means of improving still further their condition, if they chose to remain as settlers after their period of service has expired, it strikes the writer that some of the evils of the present system might be got rid of which scarcely admit of any other remedy.

By constant occupation—by the enjoyment of comfort in the midst of their families—by the certainty, if they conducted themselves with propriety, of attaining what would be an independence in their rank in life, and of reaping the fruit of it when attained, they would be completely precluded from that lassitude, despondency, and temptation to excess, which are universally acknowledged to be the main causes of the climate proving so fatal as it hitherto has been.

It is further to be considered, whether, independent of the immediate saving of human life, this military colonization might not be the means of establishing ultimately a white population of intermediate rank, a thing so desirable for these colonies, as a counterpoise to the increase of the blacks, which otherwise, under circumstances commonly favourable, must go far to endanger the paramount authority of the mother country. The latter evil, it may be remarked, is never to be remedied by sending out labourers from England, as has recently been tried, on whom, from the suddenness of the change in every respect, the climate takes at once the most destructive effect.

The scheme suggested may by some be considered visionary, and, with British soldiers raised in the ordinary way, it would be absurd to try it. We have only however to look, as we have hinted, to the police force as it is at present constituted, to see what may be accomplished in other cases by judicious regulations properly enforced.

By selecting at the first those only whose previous character is good, by expelling all who conduct themselves in a manner discreditable to themselves, or derogatory from the character of the corps, and, above all, by holding out that stimulus to exertion, and such substantial rewards to continued good behaviour, that expulsion from its numbers may be considered and felt to be a punishment by the offender, much of what is requisite might undoubtedly be accomplished.

Of the nature of the service in the East Indies, it is only necessary to remark that, so far as the troops stationed there might have the advantage, as is generally supposed, in point of climate, this was more than compensated by the period of service being extended, for the most part, even to *twenty years*. Begun at a very early period, for the continuance of such a system nothing can account but the difficulty of breaking through the routine of long established official regulations: the greater is the praise due to those who have at length been found to do so, in a manner so eminently beneficial to the service.

Completely to remove the evils, is a problem which it may be difficult to solve, but, so far as money will purchase the solution, surely gold is not to be weighed as the

price thereof. It is therefore to be hoped, in what so materially concerns the welfare of the army and the country, that those who have the direction of the changes which are so absolutely required, will not be grudged the means of carrying the contemplated ameliorations into complete effect.

NOTE XXIV.

As man for man, the veteran weeps,
With millions mourning o'er his grave,
The brave and good, the good and brave.—p. 56.

See the account of the ceremonies attending the lying-in-state at Windsor, as given in all the journals of the time. The circumstances attending the last illness and death of his late Majesty, are too recent to require, or admit of, more than the briefest reference. The writer feels it, however, impossible to refrain from rendering his sincere, though humble tribute to the public and private virtues of one who is universally acknowledged to have left it difficult to say, whether in his life he was most beloved, or in death lamented, as a man or as a monarch. What more could be said of any sovereign than what, with perfect truth, may be observed of William the Fourth; that, reigning during a period when party-spirit was carried to a height scarcely ever exceeded, he, by the conviction of his undeviating rectitude of heart and purpose, and by the uniform urbanity and kindness of his demeanour, so steered his course in the difficult circumstances in which he was placed, as to leave neither one political, nor one private enemy behind him to disturb the unanimity with which, as with one heart and one voice, his people came forward to pay their tribute of respect and of regret?

NOTE XXV.

When mercy beams through woman's tear,
The hopeless heart of guilt to cheer,
What have the brave and good to fear?—p. 61.

It was a coincidence too striking to escape observation, and of itself too interesting to be viewed by the country, otherwise than with a pleasing feeling, that the very last act of our late lamented sovereign, and the first of his successor, in the discharge of their official duties, were in the exertion of that prerogative implying of all others the most delightful exercise of regal power. When it is considered, that in the latter instance, the criminal to whom pardon was so graciously extended by our youthful Queen had been guilty of an act implying the very highest breach of military discipline, and, so far as intention goes, the violation of the most sacred of all human laws, it will not be considered that the Author has gone too far in the inference he has drawn, that the same gracious hand will be found as ready to bestow its favours where the dictate of benevolence and of Royal bounty is in strict accordance with the demands of justice.

CONCLUDING OBSERVATIONS.

THE reader will perceive that, from the nature of the plan leading the Author to take only a brief and rapid outline of the operations in the Peninsula under the more immediate auspices of the Duke of Wellington, actions have been omitted every way redounding to the credit of the British arms. Among these may be particularized the battles of Albuera and Barossa, the defence of Tariffa, the attack on the Forts of Almaraz, and the siege of San Sebastian.

Subjoined is the list of regiments referred to in the Introduction, which served in the Peninsula, but were not present at Waterloo, with the number of Honorary Distinctions they are permitted to bear on their Colours, for their services in that country and the South of France :—

3d Dragoon Guards	4	26th Foot	2	60th Foot	16
5th „	4	29th „	5	61st „	8
3d Light Dragoons	4	31st „	7	62d „	1
4th „	6	34th „	7	66th „	9
14th „	6	36th „	10	67th „	2
9th Lancers	1	37th „	1	68th „	6
		38th „	10	74th „	11
2d Foot	8	39th „	7	76th „	3
3d „	7	43d „	12	81st „	2
5th „	12	45th „	14	82d „	7
6th „	8	47th „	4	83d „	11
7th „	9	48th „	11	84th „	2
9th „	9	50th „	8	85th „	3
10th „	1	53d „	7	87th „	7
11th „	7	57th „	6	88th „	11
20th „	5	58th „	6	91st „	9
24th „	8	59th „	5		

To the above are to be added the 94th and 97th Regiments, with others, disbanded before permission to assume the badges was conceded, but equally deserving of distinction with those on whom they were conferred.

To particularize the losses sustained by each of the regiments in the preceding list would exceed the limits of a work like this. It may, however, assist in forming some idea of the arduous nature of the services required of the army as a whole, to state the loss sustained by a single corps.

From the time the 88th regiment landed in the Peninsula, in the month of March, 1809, until they embarked on the Garonne for North America, in June, 1814, they lost thirty-two officers, twenty-five of whom were killed in action or died of their wounds; its loss in men, killed, and from the other casualties of war, exceeding *fourteen hundred*.

The loss of this regiment is here pointed out, from no desire to enhance its services at the expense of others, but merely from the circumstance of the Editor having access to documents to verify the accuracy of the statement given. Referring, however, to the loss of this one regiment, as a proof of what was suffered not only by it but by many others, while he disclaims all intention, all wish, to disturb a single leaf of the wreath, so nobly earned, which adorns the heroes of Waterloo, he would at the same time seriously ask if the latter were fairly entitled to carry away the whole of the reward from those who were the longest in the field, and who have such proofs to show that they also had to bear the hottest of the day.

In considering the unspeakable importance of their services, the Editor feels persuaded that no real well-wisher to his country will hesitate, for a moment, to unite with him in the opinion he has expressed in the Introduction, that it is high time to repair, as far as it can now be done, the neglect experienced by the Peninsular Army.

Let some monument, therefore, worthy the resources of the British Empire, raised in a conspicuous part of her Metropolis, and which she may have pride in shewing to the world as a specimen of what her sons are able to accomplish in the arts of peace, proclaim to future times her gratitude to those who have already shewn what they are capable of doing in the art of war. Let it be a monument worthy of bearing inscribed upon it the names and dates of victories, which, for their number and for their brilliancy, in connection with the justness of the cause in which they were achieved, stand, perhaps, unrivalled in

the archives either of this or any other country. While this memorial, further enumerating the regiments employed in the Peninsula, and the number of actions in which each was distinguished, with any other particulars the space may admit of, shall bespeak her gratitude to that Army as a whole, the Editor would again impress the country, and, through it, the competent authorities, with the importance of conferring some mark of public favour on the survivors, both officers and men. Whatever further and appropriate reward may be bestowed upon the former, let a medal be struck and distributed to both, bearing the name of the individual, his rank, his regiment, and number of actions in which he was engaged.

Already too long delayed, what time more favourable for this tardy act of justice than the commencement of a reign, which, beginning at so early a period of life, is likely to be as long as every loyal heart must pray it may be happy ; a reign, therefore, which, in the natural course of human things, it would be folly to expect can pass away without the arm and courage of the British soldier being put, once more, in requisition ? What, then, so likely to inspirit their efforts when the moment for exertion may arrive, and to make that arm irresistible in the day of battle, adding a spirit of chivalrous devotion to their natural loyalty and courage, than the remembrance that one of the first acts of their youthful Queen was to repair the injustice to that Army, which, however unintentional, so far as the personal feelings of her lamented predecessor were concerned, it had so palpably experienced in former reigns.

In the hope that it will be immediately bestowed, as a pledge of the fulfilment of all they have room to look for at their country's hand, there has been given with this publication a design for a medal, which it is hoped it will not be considered more than justice to the artist to say, is not unworthy of the object it should commemorate.

In concluding his Annotations, the Editor thinks he cannot more appropriately sum up his labours than by an anecdote, trifling in itself, but of importance as shewing what may be anticipated from this and other marks of due consideration being attached to the services of British soldiers, in leading them and their successors, when occasion shall arrive, to fulfil the happy omen to be found in the name of the Sovereign, in whose cause, and under whose auspices, they are to fight.

At the close of the late war, when the extraordinary and injudicious oversight of those with whom it rested to do impartial justice had left without honour or reward those who had the clearest title to expect them, as having borne the heat and burden of its battles, to allay the feelings of irritation and chagrin with which the soldiers of that, in common with those of other corps, looked to this unjust award, Colonel, now Lieut.-General, Sir Alexander Wallace, in his own name, and that of the officers of the 88th regiment, to which the writer had at the time the honour to belong, applied to the authorities at the Horse Guards for leave to remedy the neglect as far as in their power.

Sanctioned by the permission of his Royal Highness the Duke of York, then Commander-in-Chief, they, at their own expense, had three classes of medals struck in silver, to be distributed among the men, according to the number of actions in which they had been present. To those who had been in eight, a round medal with their own name, and names of the actions in which they had been engaged; one of the same form, but of a smaller size, for those who had been in any number under the above; while for those who had been present in twelve was reserved a badge of greater distinction, in the shape of a Maltese cross.

The effect upon the soldiers, and the pride with which they considered these evidences of their service and the approbation of their officers,—for it was only on those whose character would justify the distinction on whom it was bestowed,—were such as fully to repay the latter for the sacrifice, which, notwithstanding, the country should not have left it necessary for them to make. No better proof of this can be required than the incident to which allusion has been made. A division of this regiment was recently passing by Andover on its march from Portsmouth, where it had arrived from foreign service, to Weedon Barracks, in Northamptonshire, some of the men wearing the badges described. Among those whose notice they attracted was an old comrade of their own, who had been discharged at the end of the war, a short time before the distribution of the medals. Twenty years of civil life had not destroyed the feelings of the British soldier, and he immediately made application to the present worthy and gallant Colonel of the regiment for the distinction of the cross, to which he was entitled as having served along with it in twelve actions. The commanding officer referred him to the writer, to speak as to his character and general deportment, to whom, on applying for this purpose, he said in his

own simple language, that "he did not mind the value of the medal, he only wanted it for the credit of the thing, and he would rather pay for it than be without it." Fortunately, the referee was enabled to speak every way in his favour, but on inquiry it was found that the only medal of this description remaining with the regiment was one which had belonged to the last individual of his class serving with it, and whom they had buried at Corfu. This now hangs as an ornament in the serjeant's mess-room, and is there too highly prized to be removed. By the kindness, however, of Colonel O'Malley, the veteran will otherwise obtain his wish, and will thereby have, to show to his children, and to leave to their descendants, a proud memorial that he, *John Croucher*, humble individual as he is, had a personal share in acquiring the glory of an army, whose achievements, and the value of whose services to their country, may be equalled, but which, it may be prophesied with confidence, shall never be surpassed.

FINIS.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY W. CLOWES AND SONS,
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